

Sports Illustrated

JULY 3, 1967 40 CENTS

**THE BIG HITTERS ARE BACK
IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE**

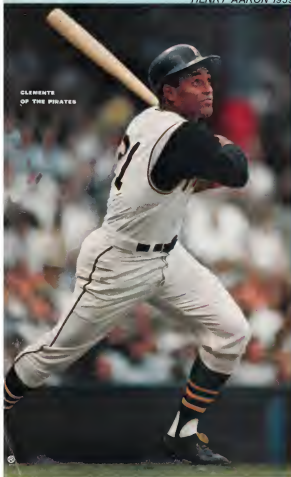
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New Sunbeam Arrow, from the Chrysler people: Britain's posh \$2200 family car for unabashed sports car lovers.

Temper the fast, sure feel of our Tiger with baby-limousine comforts—
add our inimitable 5-year/50,000-mile power train warranty*—
what happens is pretty exotic. And practical.



Arrow could happen only in Britain—where elegance isn't measured by size, and even limousines must be a little nimble.

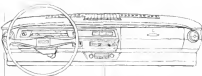
Now Chrysler Motors Corp. brings it smack into the compact car price range—complete with a 5-year 50,000-

mile power train warranty*—
For \$2197, Arrow gets you a lot of things. Power windows, for example. Front bucket seats with reclining backs. A console between them, and 4-on-the-floor to go with. Adult-sized room in back. Curved glass windows. And a flow-through ventilation system, some \$3000 American cars would love to have.

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For \$2197, Arrow is a sports sedan that toots through turns which domestic "sports cars" groan with effort to match. Arrow's new strut suspension and quick steering yield less than a 33" foot turn circle, and it'll ride steady through it all.

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hp version of the 1725 cc engine which revs up our Alpine sports car. The OHV design still works for you, compression and horsepower are simply toned down. Result: rather spectacular economy along with a pinch no-through gears.

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sedan no one else could build. And warrant this way:

HERE'S HOW THE SUNBEAM ARROW 5-YEAR OR 50,000-MILE ENGINE AND DRIVE TRAIN WARRANTY PROTECTS YOU

1. The Sunbeam Arrow 5-year or 50,000-mile engine and drive train warranty is a full warranty. It covers all major engine and drive train components, including the engine, transmission, and drive shafts. It also covers all labor and materials necessary to repair or replace any of these components.

2. The warranty is valid for the entire life of the car, or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first. It is not transferable to a second owner.

3. The warranty is void if the car is used for commercial purposes, or if it is involved in an accident, or if it is damaged by fire, theft, or vandalism.



mile power train warranty which other American car makers have somehow neglected to apply to their imports.

ROOTES
SUNBEAM



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Sports ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 340 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James A. Linn, President; D. W. Broderick, Treasurer; Bernard Berenson, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each Continental U.S. subscription: \$8 a year, Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands \$10 a year, including personnel anywhere in the world \$6 a year, all others \$14 a year.

Credits on page 62

What's New

A REVAMPED "COLUMBIA" and Owner Paul Douglas come from California to test the eastern 12-inches in the America's Cup trials. Celeb Phony reports on the man and the boat.

SPARKLING CONVENIENCE has replaced traditional eccentricity in the baseball stadiums of the 1960s. Neil Lafer's color photographs show why the fan of the fan has been increased.

WHO WEARS THE PANTS made by Jack Welch, Jackie Kennedy and Audrey Hepburn, for a start. The ongoing story of an ex-minor league shortstop who has made it big in Hollywood.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Walter Ioss (suspend disbelief and pronounce that Yooce), the handsome devil depicted below, has been a photographer for SI since he was 16. He is now 23 going on 24, which makes him the oldest teeny bopper on the staff, an accolade given him by two young ladies who also work for us. This pleases Walter. He is very serious about photography (he did this week's Clementine cover), but he sees no reason to come on like a premature grandpa.

Although probably our most expert dancer of the shing-a-ling and the A's shuffle, Ioss is becomingly modest



SWINGING WALTER IOSS

"Anyone can do it," he says, blushing. "Actually you could say my speciality is the funky Broadway. I'm also notorious for my Philly freeze, although that's sort of passé."

During these exercises Ioss hops a towel from his hip pocket to mop his brow—a trick he learned in places like New York's Apollo and Cheetah—and wears a pair of orange soul-brother shades. Considering that he also brings his own lights to parties (red bulbs to replace the normal white ones), the scene is out of sight.

Ioss is now driven to these infra-dig shindigs in a black Jaguar XKE—the neighbors think he's a boogie—because his pale-gold one got "totaled" (he says) just sitting parked in front of his home in Orange, N.J. His father is a

havy violist (which may explain something) who put Walter onto photography at the age of 15. "My father had this camera with a huge telescopic lens that he used to use in the stands at Giant games," Ioss says. "People used to scream at him to sit down and stop blocking the view. I just tried to hide—you know how kids are. Then he got me to look through the lens once, and I was hooked. It looked cool."

"I shot pictures off and on for a year. Then I took a day off from high school and came in to see George Bloodgood at SI. I still wore braces on my teeth—I'm sure I made a great impression. He said he liked my football stuff and told me to keep in touch. Finally, after I graduated from high school—time does go by—I got my big chance, an assignment to photograph Roger Maris' 61st home run. I was sitting in the right-field bleachers, my eye screwed to a lens, when everybody started yelling, 'He hit it! He hit it!' 'Where, where?' I said. *I couldn't see the ball.*"

Ioss' luck and expertise improved vastly thereafter. Whether a local photography school he attended helped is debatable. "It was an advanced course," Ioss says. "There I was, 16, posing nudes. Everything I said, the class went berserk."

Walter says that "something just clicks, and suddenly you get in the lineup to stay—like Gehrig." He has been in our lineup seven years now, years of handstands on skateboards, office touch-football-game heroics, beaver patrolling with the Phillies and, always, good photography. "Walter will focus on a man or object," says Picture Editor John Stebbins. "And it'll be as sharp as it's humanly possible to make it. He must have great eyes." He does. And maybe those orange-tinted sunglasses and dim red lights help.

Gary Hall

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Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here.

How would you like your kids to spend the summer in the middle of a sweltering city? Millions of kids do. In fact, they spend their falls, winters and springs there, too. Give them

a break. Give some time to your local organizations that help make summer a happier, more rewarding time for kids. Call your information operator. Ask for "Summer Youth." It could

be the most important call you'll make this summer. Or, if you're in the position, give a kid a summer job. Call your State Employment Service now.



SCORECARD

UNNECESSARY ROUGHNESS

Once again a New York district attorney, William Cahn of Nassau County, has charged in the press that he has evidence that a college football coach has been gambling on his own team.

Cahn, who first made the allegation five months ago during an extensive investigation into a national gambling ring, was quoted last week as saying that the coach netted \$11,000 on one bet. "He denies making the bet, but we have established that the betting of this coach changed the betting pattern throughout the United States," Cahn is reported as saying. Cahn has also pointed out that the placing of such a bet by the coach is not against the law.

But one of the things that Cahn has not done in his much-headlined investigation is name the man involved, and in failing to do so he has cast a shadow on all college football coaches.

Cahn could not care less. He is in the grand tradition of some New York district attorneys, one of whom not long ago got his full share of front pages by passing out subpoenas and hauling the great names of harness racing before a grand jury when he was actually investigating some relatively unknown drivers. "No football coach or NCAA organization is going to tell me how to run my office," Cahn says.

The right and the need for Cahn to conduct an important and complex investigation in his own way cannot be disputed. But his cavalier disregard for the professional reputations of men who are public figures is hard to excuse. It was he who revealed that he had caught a coach betting. He should accept the moral responsibility that goes with the revelation by naming the coach. Then the NCAA and the coach's own college, which might take a harsher view of such betting, could consider suitable action, and the public could stop playing the which-coach-is-it guessing game.

Cahn has said he will name the coach when he sees fit and not one minute be-

fore. A cynic might suspect that the fitting time will prove to be during the football season.

BONUS BABY

The birth last week of 8-pound 10-ounce Patrick Lyndon Nagent, President Johnson's grandson, was no blessed event to Brooklyn's policy racketeers.

When the baby's birth was broadcast Wednesday morning, numbers bettors, the world's most avid hunch players, plunged heavily on combinations of 8, 1 and 0. Brooklyn policy bankers pay on the last three numbers of the total mutual handle at Aqueduct, and combinations of those numbers. If a number is hit directly, the payoff odds are 500 to 1.

So Wednesday afternoon, when the handle at Aqueduct totaled \$2,678,081, the numbers men were in trouble. That night runners and bankers were missing from their hangouts. One bettor went down to get his \$3,000 payoff and was found several hours later shot dead. The word is that it may be weeks before some of the numbers banks are back in business.

BABEL

They might have wondered if they were all playing the same game. At the start of the Vikings' recent staff meetings, new Head Coach Bud Grant, who came to Minnesota from Winnipeg in the Canadian Football League, would talk about a hook, totally baffling his assistants. What he meant was a hook pass, which is a turn to Assistant Jim Carr (an NFL player for nine years), a stop to Assistant Bus Mertes (who transferred from the AFL) and a curl to Assistant Boh Holway (who came to the Vikings from the Big Ten).

"When we first started," says Grant, "we were always asking, 'What do you mean by that?'" A sideline pass might be called a breakout (by Grant), a squareout (by Carr), an out (by Mertes) or a sideline (by Holway). Flooding a pass defense zone was flex (Grant), trip

(Carr), flood (Mertes) or spread (Holway). Straight ahead one-on-one blocking was sock (Grant), black (Carr), man (Mertes) or smash (Holway). The long pass was banana (Grant), up (Carr), wheel (Mertes) or circle (Holway).

What is all better add up to is a little snap, a significant crackle and lots of pop for the sixth-place Vikings.

PEA-NUTS

The proprietor of the Eclipse Tavern in Tunbridge Wells, England is sponsoring a two-week competition (entry fee 14c) in which contestants push wooden peas up a hill with their noses. The course is 15 yards long—over cobblestones.

Since the pea pushing is being conducted on a street too narrow for more than two of the 30 entries to compete at once, the championship is being crawled off in heats. Forbidden as unsporting is any move to step on, kneel on or otherwise cover an opponent's pea. But in order to allow the competitors some hope



of saving face, the rules permit putting a protective tape on the nose.

The contest is the first in what the sponsor says will be a whole galaxy of such events, to be known as the Tunbridge Wells Festival of Tavern Sports.

OUR APOLOGIES

We recently quoted Joe DiMaggio. "Oh, I just don't give a rap for baseball anymore. It's just too dull." We were misinformed. He didn't say it, and he doesn't think it.

BUCKING A TREND

What with the Arab-Israeli war and all, his name might have been held against him, but Damascus, the Preakness and

Belmont winner, was only the fifth choice of the \$2 bettors when he won the recent Leonard Richards Stakes at Delaware Park. Although the colt went off at 1 to 10, the shortest price in the 30-year history of the track, the small bettors were lured by the long prices on such also-enterers as Mr. Scipio (10 to 1), I'm Smiley (11 to 1), Mazy Cloud (12 to 1) and Favorable Turn (20 to 1), none of whom ran worth a dime or a dollar. The \$2 players risked only \$1,508 on Damascus, while betting \$3,050 on Mr. Scipio, their favorite, and \$2,492 on Mazy Cloud. Meanwhile, of the 115 \$100-win tickets sold, all but seven were on Damascus. Which is why the rich get richer.

CRYSTAL BALL

Our man in London is predicting "with absolute certainty" that Cliff Richey will meet Australia's Roy Emerson in the Wimbledon finals July 8 and that the American will win in straight sets. Any fool can see why, he says. Since 1947 the men's singles title has been won every fourth year by an American, and since 1951 it has been won every odd year in straight sets. The straight-set loser in those odd years has won an average of 10 games. That makes it Richey over Emerson 6-4, 6-3, 6-3. Thank you, London.

NO VOLUNTEERS

The first Negro football player signed by the University of Tennessee—very likely the most publicized prospective freshman ever to announce he was entering the school—was Albert Davis, a 210-pound, 6'2" halfback from Alcoa, Tenn. Davis is considered the best high school prospect in the south, and Tennessee battled more than 50 colleges, including the likes of Notre Dame, to get him. So feverish was the pursuit that Tennessee President Andrew Holt went to visit Davis to assure him how welcome he would be on the Knoxville campus. Alas, perhaps too welcome, for earlier this month Tennessee had to rescind the scholarship it had offered Davis in April.

It was all a question of numbers. Last January Davis scored a 1092 on the College Entrance Examination Board test, much higher than the 760 required by the Southeastern Conference. Quite a few people were surprised that he did so well because Davis had reportedly scored

very low on tests he had taken for practice—in fact, beneath SEC and NCAA entrance requirements. When he graduated from high school this month, he ranked only 115th in a class of 127.

In May *The Atlanta Journal* ran a story that cast doubts on Davis' ability to score a 1092. This story and, perhaps, challenges from several SEC schools prompted the Educational Testing Service, which administers the college board exams, to investigate. The testing service must have found reason to be concerned, for Davis was told he would have to retake the examination.

When Davis declined any further testing, the university rewarded his scholarship. "He is free to take another examination and present it to the committee or is free to enter the university at his own expense," said Tennessee Football Coach Doug Dickey last week.

Meanwhile, for better test scores or worse, Davis is on the college auction block again.

RANKLED

Last week, accompanied by a lawyer and a state trooper who was presumably sent along to strengthen his resolve, Heavyweight Buster Mathis confronted Cus D'Amato, his manager and mentor for the past 18 months, and told D'Amato that their relationship was terminated.

The syndicate of young millionaires that is backing Mathis announced early in June that it was dropping D'Amato, the controversial fight figure who was largely responsible for the successes (and perhaps the failures) of Floyd Patterson and Jose Torres.

When D'Amato took him over, Buster had won his seven professional fights but looked worse in the last than he had in the first. He weighed 300 pounds and had regressed technically and emotionally. D'Amato moved into an apartment with the fighter in Rhinebeck, N.Y., where last week's meeting occurred and in 18 months pared 60 pounds off Buster and taught him to throw a solid punch (SI Jan. 16). He also made sure, however, that nobody got much of a chance to punch Buster back.

During this period the syndicate says it invested \$135,000 in Mathis and, though he was undefeated in 12 bouts under D'Amato, he had only been beating fighters like Charlie Polite, Sonny Moore and Ed Hurley. What rankled the money men was that in the same

continued

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The Worldwide Role of Savings and Loan Associations...

A Self-help Program for Millions

by Raymond P. Harold, President

International Union of Building Societies and Savings Associations

LESS THAN ten years ago there was no way for a school teacher in Peru, a shopkeeper in Ethiopia, an oil worker in Venezuela to buy his own home. There was no way for the growing middle-class families in many countries, especially the newly developing countries, to own a piece of their native land. There were no private financial institutions to help people help themselves to better housing.

Then leaders of the savings and loan business in the U.S. and other countries started giving freely of their time and knowledge to assist in the organization and operation of many new savings and loan associations around the world. The U.S. Agency for International Development (AID) played a major role in assisting the people of many countries in forming these new thrift and home-financing institutions. As a result, more than 150 new S&L's have been established in 26 European, Central and South American, African and Asian countries.

These new S&L's are educating the people in the benefits of saving. The banana workers of Ecuador, the factory workers of Chile and the truck drivers in Venezuela are welcomed at specialized institutions where their savings are invested in home-financing for themselves and for their neighbors.

The method is this—the savings of many people are combined so that our family can borrow, buy a home and pay off the loan in monthly installments. As simple as this method may appear, in most of the countries of the world it has never been used. And its advent is making it possible for people who never dreamed they could own a home to be living in one today.

The effects on the community and the whole economy of these countries have been dramatic. The money made available for home-financing has spurred the development of the housing and construction industries. For the home-owners, pride, personal comfort and love for their own land have grown beyond expectation. The savers have new aspirations. Most of all they have hope.

AID was given the green light by the U.S. Congress in 1961 to make loans to capitalize the start of S&L's in newly developing countries in Latin America. The Inter-American Development Bank cooperated with enthusiasm. New locally owned and locally managed S&L's were soon in operation. The success of these new institutions is a good demonstration of what can be achieved through a co-operative effort by our government, the governments of our Latin American neighbors and private business in the United States.



The author delivering his introduction of a speech of John Amato to S&L's conference in Buenos Aires this year.

An International Union of Building Societies and Savings Associations was formed in 1938 with the U.S., Great Britain, Germany, South Africa and Australia as members. International Congresses are held every three years, with the purpose of bringing together the representatives of as many countries as possible where S&L's are in operation.

Since 1957 the International Congress has welcomed to membership representatives of France, Turkey, Peru, Chile, Ghana, Ecuador, Kenya, Venezuela, Zambia, Tobago, Grenada, Rhodesia, Malaya, Iran, Greece, Guatemala, Ethiopia, Nigeria, Pakistan, the Channel Islands and the Bahamas. S&L's are also under way in Bolivia, Panama, El Salvador, the Dominican Republic, Argentina and the Philippines.

Today S&L's exist in 43 countries, including the United States, representing \$150 billion in combined assets. There are over 52 million savers, and more than 16 million borrowers now enjoying their own homes as they pay back month by month the portion of their savings fund they borrowed.

And still the growth picture expands. Australian institutions are surveying the possibilities for associations in the South Pacific Islands mandated to Australia. Representatives from the U.S. are exploring, with their governments, the possibilities of organizing S&L's in Sierra Leone, Thailand, Liberia and Brazil.

Those who have seen first-hand the zeal and dedication of the men and women working in S&L's in new lands confidently predict that a hundred million savers and twenty-five million borrowers will benefit from the flourishing "self-help" constituency of the world S&L business by 1977.

SCORECARD continued

period Joe Frazier, once considered a less promising fighter than Mathis, had knocked out Eddie Machen, Doug Jones and Billy Daniels and had become the No. 4 ranked heavyweight. Mathis is still unranked.

"D'Amato personally refuses to be a loser, so he holds a fighter back," syndicate member Jimmy Iselin said recently. "That is the main reason why we decided to get rid of him." D'Amato has always had the reputation of bringing fighters along slowly. "A fighter's confidence is a fragile thing," he says, "especially in the case of one like Mathis, who is a compulsive eater. I'm not about to wreck it with a stupid match."

MY BARE LADY

Not since Eliza Doolittle had there been such a fracas at fashionable Ascot. "We are closing our eyes to mini-skirts, but women in trousers are banned," a bowl-hatted official declared last week at England's royal race meeting, eyes presumably tightly closed. Although trying to take a firm stand, the authorities were having difficulty drawing the line on women's dress. Hems, in some instances, were eight inches above the knee. Applying their rule of thumb on trousers, officials did manage to evict one girl from the Royal Enclosure who was wearing a mini and pantaloons. A gateman, spying her pink panties, described the outfit as "Bermuda knickers." She herself said she was not sure if it was "a miniskirt or a maxi-sweater."

An aide of the Duke of Norfolk—who has no peer in British protocol and who dictates the proper attire for Ascot—said, "After all, men make such a tremendous effort to dress smartly, women should make the effort, too."

Obviously overlooked by the distracted Ascot fashion arbiters was the young dandy who appeared in topper, tails and green argyle socks.

THEY SAID IT

• Charlie Greene, University of Nebraska track star, asked why he wore his dark glasses, even while running at night: "Man, they're not shades. They're my re-entry shields."

• Dick Groat, who is now wearing No. 20 for the Giants: "Last week was the first time I ever walked onto a professional baseball field not wearing No. 24. But there is no way I'll ever get that number in San Francisco." **END**

Savings and Loan Associations

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A close-up photograph of a clown's face. The clown has white face paint, a large red nose, and red hair. He is wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a striped tie. He is holding a bottle of Schlitz beer in his left hand and pouring the beer into his right nostril. The background is a solid green color.

"When you're out of Schlitz, you're out of beer."

Try the taste of the most carefully brewed beer in the world. The beer that takes 1,174 careful brewing steps. Schlitz. Real gusto in the great light beer.

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous



SEE YOU LATER, JIM RYUN

When he realized no one was going to help him break his own world record, the Kansas miler decided to do it all himself. The result: 3:51.1 **by PETE AXTHELM**

Seventeen-year-old Jerry Proctor upset six-time national champion Ralph Bosson in the broad jump; Charlie Greene finished second in the 100-yard dash; defending champion Tommy Farrell ran dead last in one trial heat of the 880-yard run; and world indoor record holder Dave Patrick trailed his field in another heat. That is the way things were going last Thursday in the first half of the two-night AAU championships at Bakersfield, Calif.

Then, at about 9:15 Friday evening, Jim Ryun took over. With a race plan few people expected, Ryun rushed into a lead at the start of the mile run, widened his advantage for three laps, then sprinted the last quarter in 53.5 seconds, leaving his nearest opponents some 40 yards behind. Suddenly the 1967 AAU could no longer be remembered for such earlier disappointments as Boston's troubles or Jim Hines's tainted sprint victory over the infuriated Greene. Ryun had run the mile in 3:51.1.

The time was .2 second under his previous world record, set last summer at Berkeley, Calif. This one was achieved without the aid of pacesetters or opponents strong enough to push Ryun to his limit. Instead, it was Ryun who pulled the others along. Jim Grelle, who is 30 years old and had run only one mile race all season, placed second in 3:56.1, and the first seven finishers broke four minutes. Four of them, including Martin Liqueur, the high-schooler who was



At start of mile Ryun is flanked by Ed Doan (left) and Jim Grelle.



At the quarter Ryun leads Doan and a packed field. His time: 56.3.



At the half the field begins to stretch out as Ryun records 55.6.



At three-quarters only Grelle is still in race. Ryun's time: 55.6.

seventh, were under four minutes for the first time. Liquori, a small, dark-haired 17-year-old from Newark, shook Ryun's hand eagerly after the race. "I was awfully proud to be in the race," he said. "Thank you for setting that pace."

All 11,600 spectators should have thanked Ryun, for his record seemed to establish the pattern for the entire night. Two hours later another world record was set as USC sophomore Paul Wilson vaulted 17' 8" to break teammate Bob Seagren's two-week-old mark of 17' 7". Tommie Smith, Lee Evans and Wade Bell joined Ryun in sweeping every meet record, from the 220-yard dash through the mile, off the books, as a total of seven AAU marks were added to the two set on Thursday by Hammer Thrower Ed Burke and Discus Thrower Gary Carhen. Overnight an inconclusive and turbulent meet turned into one of the most exciting AAU championships ever.

Entering the stadium Friday evening, Ryun had no idea of the wonders he was about to perform. He was not even sure he would try for a record. "I'm prepared for a big effort mentally," he said, "but I'm still not sure I'm all right for it physically. It all depends on just how good I feel." Thoroughly rested after an easy week, he stood for a few moments on the grass near the entrance to the track, then turned to some friends. "Don't take this the wrong way," he said quietly, "but could I have about 20 minutes to myself right now?" He had made his decision. He jogged off alone across the field outside the stadium, then sat down under a clump of trees to complete the loosening-up exercises that would prepare him, physically and psychologically, for the fastest mile that has ever been run.

In his recent races Ryun had been relaxing behind the leaders, surging to the front whenever he pleased and winning in times dictated by the early pacemakers. "I realized," he said, "that I wouldn't set any records doing that, because no one was going to knock himself out setting a record pace. So I decided to push myself." He told only one opponent, Grelle, of his plan. "Fine. See you later," Grelle answered. "I sure won't try to keep up with you."

No one tried, as Ryun ran the first quarter in 59.2 and the half in 1:59, slightly slower than he had wanted to go. "My legs felt kind of heavy early," he said. "Then I began to feel very good. In fact, this was an easier race than the one at Berkeley last year."

Moving farther away from the field, Ryun ran his third quarter in 58.6. "When I saw what you were doing," said Oregon's Roscoe Divine, who finished fifth, "I thought I'd like to rush up to help push you. But then I said, 'Let him do it himself. I'd better just worry about placing.'"

When the time was announced, officials asked Ryun to jog a victory lap for the crowd. "You must really feel like jogging another lap," someone said. Ryun looked up with a small smile. "You know, that's the trouble. I do. I have too much left." As he jogged, Divine talked about Ryun's feet. "With somebody to help him," Divine said, "he'll certainly run 3:50." Grelle, who was delightedly claiming a world record of his own—"for my age group"—added, "You can't set a figure. There is no limit."

Ryun came back and asked to hear the times for all the runners. They were duly recited, down to Liquori's 3:59.8, and as he listened Ryun seemed to realize for the first time just what he had done. "Gee," he said, "that was a fast

continued



Remarkably relaxed, Ryun sets record after stringing 63.6 last quarter.



race, wasn't it? But if I could run that fast, and still close in 53.5, I guess I've got a long way to go yet."

The pole vaulters may have even farther to go. As record-breaker Wilson was getting set for an almost successful attempt at 18 feet, loser Seagren was saying, "I knew 17-7 wouldn't last long when I set it at San Diego." Wilson, who has had a disappointing year because of injuries, had shown that he was ready to challenge Seagren at the NCAA meet when he equaled Bob's 17' 4" vault only to lose with more misses. Friday night he had fewer misses and would have won even if both had failed at 17' 8". "But they both won't miss," said their coach, Vern Wolfe, as the bar was raised.

An intense student of vaulting who relies more on precision than on the power of a Seagren or a John Pennell, Wilson made it on his first attempt. He scrambled out of the pit, hugged Seagren, then raced happily around in a wide circle. Wolfe climbed up a concrete wall into the stands to kiss Wilson's mother, then jumped back down to congratulate her son. Wilson had little to say afterward, but Seagren, who narrowly missed in his own three tries at the record, talked freely. "What a perfect vault!" he said. "It was the kind you close your eyes and visualize. I guess I'm supposed to say that records are made to be broken—I although I might have liked mine to last more than two weeks." He broke into a smile. "I better keep talking, because if I stop I may cry."

Among the other meet records set last weekend, the 880 mark of 1:46.1 by Wade Bell, the third-fastest half mile ever run, was easily the most impressive. The half-milers faced a grueling test. They each had to run two heats within a few hours Thursday night, then come back in the finals on Friday. College athletes had an obvious advantage: they had run more races throughout the spring, and many had doubled as milers or run in relays at most meets. But hardly anyone expected Bell to do so well.

"It was a tough weekend," Bell said, "but I felt it was to my advantage that way, because I'm a miler, too, and I knew I could last." Dennis Carr, who ran second, is also a part-time miler, but he was not so sure the schedule helped him. "I never felt so tied up," he said after the final. "It felt like we were sprinting the whole way. I don't know how I managed to get up enough kick to finish." He was shocked when told of his time, 1:47.1. "That's my best ever," he said. "I thought that would be good enough to win."

As he received his award, Bell was reminded of the last time he played a supporting role in a meet starring Ryun. In Jim's record mile at Berkeley, Bell set the sizzling pace for almost three-quarters. "I was happy to be around for that record, too," he said. "As I recall, though, I didn't finish too well."

The levity of late Friday night was a striking change from the mood of early Thursday as the meet got under way in hot, dry and dusty Bakersfield. "This city," said the Los Angeles Striders' Freddie Banks, "must be designed as a testing ground for all us people who are destined to go to hell."

"If you're right," Ralph Boston said, "then I better straighten up right now."

Bakersfield sits at the lower end of the San Joaquin Valley in central California. It is within reach of both the lush farmlands and the desert, but local citizens have managed to shield themselves from the harsh lives of migrant farm laborers and the barrenness around them. With its long line of motels featuring faded Spanish décor, its inexhaustible supply of hard-visaged cocktail waitresses and its weather, Bakersfield is not an easy town to like.

The irritable mood of the athletes was evident in the very first running event, the 120-yard high hurdles. Richmond Flowers, who had lost to Earl McCulloch at the NCAA because of McCulloch's fast start, asked officials to watch for Earl. When McCulloch was called for one false start on his first trial heat, he came back muttering about Flowers. In the finals McCulloch beat Flowers, but their small feud became academic as Willie Davenport easily whipped both of them in the fast time of 13.3, against the wind. "I'm a competition runner," said Davenport. "If the other guys go fast enough, I'll run 13.3 or better. If not, I'll win in slower time."

"I don't care if the others all run 10.3," said Jim Hines. "I'll still run around 9.3. I'm not that kind of competition runner." Hines has, however, become a competition talker in recent weeks, and Thursday in the 100 his continuing debate with Charlie Greene was supposed to be resolved. It was not. Hines won, but only after officials scrutinized a photo that was slightly ambiguous—Greene's entire body was blocked by the bigger Hines as the string was broken, and it seemed conceivable that Greene could have been hitting it at the same instant, as he claimed, for a dead heat. In addition, Hines had gained a full-stride advantage leaving the starting blocks, and many observers agreed with Greene that Hines had jumped the gun.

"Of course, this is California, and they wouldn't disqualify an Oakland boy like Jim for two straight jumps," sneered Greene. "What a way to lose your fastest-human title!" In fairness, the title must remain undecided. "I've proved I can beat him stride for stride," Hines claimed, but he was wrong. Greene made up at least a full stride after the start. While some of his accusations may have been extreme, Greene did have a case. Unfortunately, he will have to wait a long time to prove it, because he now enters ROTC training for six weeks and does not expect to race for some time. "This," he said, "is like a bad dream."

On Friday, Hines tried to prove another of his boasts that he could handle Tommie Smith in the 220. This time there were no doubts and no arguments. Smith won convincingly. "A good race," said Hines, a soft-spoken and humble kid when he is not matching words with the clever Greene. "No excuses."

On Thursday night the words would have had a hollow ring, on Friday they fitted right in with the mood set by Ryun and Wilson and the others. The best athletes had won most events, and track and field seemed like a simple game again. "You're still the greatest," teen-ager Proctor told Boston after a headwind—always a problem for Boston—had helped Proctor win. "Maybe," said Boston, "but you won."

END

On the first competitive attempt ever made at an 18-foot pole vault, Paul Wilson clears bar before flicking it off in a brilliant new miles.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHELLEY & LONG

A THUNDERATION OF SLUGGERS

When it came time last week to vote for an All-Star team, National League players had the pleasant problem of picking the best of two dozen .300 hitters, three times as many as the other league **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Clubhouse doors were closed tight last week in the National League as the players began the careful process of voting for the team that would represent them against the American League in the annual All-Star Game at Anaheim, Calif. on July 11. No matter which players they picked, contrary opinion was going to run high among the fans much higher than usual because it seems as though everybody in the National League is hitting at least .300.

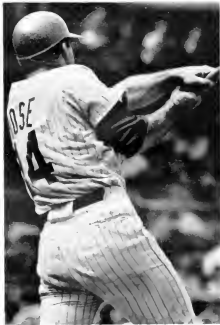
No record in sport is more deceiving than the one that shows the National League leading the American in All-Star Games by only 19-17. Lately the Nationals have made a farce of the competition by winning 15 of the last 21 played, and have you ever seen Ana-

heim Stadium? Unlike most of the new stadiums in the major leagues, the one in Anaheim is a hitter's paradise and a pitcher's hell. People maintain that late at night Little Bo-peep walks over from nearby Disneyland and belts balls out of the place with a cracked crook. But even so, Anaheim Stadium is the perfect place to demonstrate the bewildering disparity that currently exists between the two leagues. People who pay attention to the lists of top hitters that appear daily in newspapers throughout the country are aware that most of the high batting averages in baseball belong to National League players. Last year only two American League hitters finished above .300, and one of those was Frank Robinson, who had spent 10

seasons in the National before taking his bat over to Baltimore. There he was outstanding in virtually every offensive category, but his league-leading .316 batting average would have left him a virtually unnoticed sixth in the National League.

When the National Leaguers sat down to begin balloting they were confused themselves by the tremendous performances of the hitters in their own league. Bob Gibson, the fine all-round athlete who pitches for the St. Louis Cardinals, said, "It was murder voting this time. There were so many guys having outstanding seasons that you had to feel genuinely sorry for the ones who didn't make the team. I was dying for my roommate, Curt Flood, to start in center

Batting stars were sorted through the National Slugger Henry Aaron of Atlanta was hitting .322, speedster Pete Rose of Cincinnati .324.



field. I couldn't vote for him because you can't vote for anyone on your own team. Yet Jimmy Wynn is doing a great job in center field for Houston. Where would the Chicago Cubs be without Adolfo Phillips? Maury Alou won the batting title last year, and he's just starting to come on strong again. That's awful tough competition. And what about that guy from San Francisco, Willie, er, Willie, er—Mays?"

The top batting averages do not tell the full story of the big hitters in the National League. Unless a fan reads the complete batting lists that are published once a week, he will see only the first 10 hitters. Among those who are not in the top 10 are such proved batting stars as Vada Pinson, Felipe Alou, Rico Carty, Ron Santo, Maury Wills, Willie Stargell, Jimmy Wynn and Willie Er. Last week only 16 American Leaguers were batting .280 or above. The National League had 38. Nowhere is the contrast between the hitting in each league more obvious than in the teams currently in first place. The Chicago White Sox have

not one regular hitting .300. For most of the year the St. Louis Cardinals have had seven men above that figure.

American League fans say pitching causes this disparity and point to Baltimore's four-game sweep of the Los Angeles Dodgers in last year's World Series as a perfect example of why batting averages in the American League are so low (not that anyone contends the Dodgers are an awe-inspiring example of National League power). The White Sox staff this season lends further support to the argument that it is the quality and depth of pitching in the league that keeps batting averages down in the low-rent districts. Known for several years as a team that relies on pitching to win, the 1967 Sox seem to have outdone even themselves. They have eight pitchers with earned run averages under 2.70, and wouldn't it be delightful to see how low those ERAs could get if the White Sox pitchers had a chance to work against the weak White Sox hitters?

Eddie Stanky, the manager of the White Sox and a National League man

before taking over at Chicago in 1966, explained some things about his team and the overall pitching depth in the American League. "We are a pitching and running team," he said. "We go where our pitching takes us. We had a 10-game winning streak early in May, and that streak is the reason why we're up there leading the league and not in the middle of the pack. Our pitching staff gave up only 13 runs in those 10 games. I think the third, fourth and fifth starting pitchers in the American League may be better than those in the National. Not on every club, of course, but generally." A statistic that supports Stanky's argument about overall pitching is the 63 shutouts that have been pitched this year in the American League compared to only 37 in the National.

Claude Osteen of the Dodgers, an excellent pitcher for Washington in the American League before going to Los Angeles in 1965, says, "I had been in the National League before I ever went to Washington, and when I was there I had the definite feeling that the National

continued

Tim McCarrer of league-leading St. Louis hiked his average to .353 and even the Mets had an outstanding hitter in Tommy Davis at .312.





The Cincinnati Orlando Cepeda 309



The Braves Joe Torre 313



The Cubs' Andy Phillips 319



The Astros' Rusty Staub 349



The Phillies Rene Allen 358

was much, much more competitive. There is more fierce, rough play in the National, and every team, just about, feels it has a chance to win the pennant. But in 1965 a trend began to develop in the American League. There is a lot better balance now. And a tremendous number of strong young pitchers have moved into the league. There used to be many more hard throwers in the National, but now I'm not so sure. The pitching strength in the National is pretty much centered on one or two starters with each club. [Since 1964 there have been 15 20-game winners in the National and only six in the American.] But the American may have more depth now."

Much has been made of Frank Robinson's switch to Baltimore last season, when he dominated the league's hitters, won the Triple Crown, led the Orioles to the pennant and a world championship and was named the Most Valuable Player. But three times Robinson had higher batting averages and runs-batted-in totals in the National without ever leading the league. This year two players have come the other way, from the American into the National, and have done outstanding jobs. Roger Maris has been hitting over .300 much of the season for the Cardinals (his lifetime average in the American League was only .260), and Clement Boyer, better known for defensive play, has batted in more runs than Joe Torre for Atlanta and last week was only one behind Henry Aaron.

Maris says, "I think there are probably two reasons why batting averages are so much higher in the National than in the American. One is that there are more good Negro and Latin players over here. They got their first chance in this league, and they make up the biggest percentage of good players. The second reason is that the infields are much harder than those in the American. Balls get through quicker, and on chops the balls bounce up and stay in the air and the runners beat them out." Matty Alou of the Pittsburgh Pirates is a case in point. Assume that Matty picked up 20 such hits last year, which seems a valid assumption. Take away those 20 hits and, instead of leading the league, as he did, with a .342 average, Matty would have hit .305. And Boyer, who should know, feels that defense in the American League is better overall than the National, which may be another reason for the lower averages there.

Although he is spending this season as a superscout for the Cincinnati Reds, Charlie Metro was a coach for the White Sox in 1965 and has seen both leagues close up. "Don't you think," he says, "that it might just be that there are better hitters in the National than in the American?" Yet Metro adds, "There are probably five or six starting pitchers in the National League who are outstanding, but the secondary starters in the American may be better."

Hal Woodeshack of the Cardinals spent three and a half years in the American League and has summation is, "There are not as many quality players in the American League, but it's probably true—though I hate to say it—that there is more pitching depth."

Woodeshack adds that the exceptional number of high National League averages this year might be attributed to another fact. Sandy Koufax retired, and when he did a great psychological barrier was lifted from the minds of hitters. "Koufax," states Woodeshack, "did something else besides win his games. You'd go in to play a four-game series against the Dodgers, and there would be Sandy waiting for your hitters. He'd put them in a slump right away, and they'd stay in it for a couple of days. That helped the other Dodger pitchers. It was a strange thing to watch, but it was true. By the time the hitters started to get their rhythm back, they were out of town and Koufax was waiting for the next team."

Koufax is not the only thing missing this year. Ken Holtzman of the Chicago Cubs was called into service in May with a record of 5-0 and an ERA of 2.32 stuffed into his duffel bag. Philadelphia's 20-game winner, Chris Short, has been disabled for a month, and Atlanta's Tony Cloninger, a 24-game winner two years ago, is only just coming back now after an injury. Jim Bunning of the Phillies and Don Drysdale of the Dodgers both have losing records, and the six losses already accumulated by Juan Marichal, who has been bothered by a neck ailment, equal his losses for all of 1966. Two fine young pitchers last season—Don Sutton of Los Angeles and Dave Giusti of Houston—have been big losers, and Al Jackson of the Cards, whose 2.51 ERA was sixth best in the league in 1966, has seen that double to more than 5.00 this time around.

Billy Hitchcock, the manager of the Atlanta Braves, spent two hours one day

discussing the differences in batting averages in the two leagues. "There are eight hitters in the American batting .300 or better," he began, "and 24 in the National. Of the eight in the American only three are either Negro or Latin, and one of those is Frank Robinson, who played for 10 years in the National. Of the 24 National Leaguers hitting .300, 14 are Latin or Negro. American League teams are averaging .237, National League teams .249. That's 12 points a team, that's a tremendous difference. But the American League leads the National in homers by 36. Five of the eight .300 hitters in the American are in double figures in home runs, but only eight of the 24 .300 hitters in the National are."

"Let's assess the ball parks. In the American League there are six hitters' parks—Boston, Detroit, Minnesota, Cleveland, California and Washington Kansas City. Chicago and Baltimore are pitchers' parks. Yankee Stadium is neither. In the National there are four pitchers' parks (St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Houston and Los Angeles) and five hitters' parks (Atlanta, Chicago, Cincinnati, New York and Philadelphia). San Francisco switches back and forth from one category to the other depending on the wind. In other words, the advantage should be to American League hitters, so far as the ball parks are concerned, but the figures show more hitters in the National. The only conclusion I can draw is that the National League hitter, because of the parks, is not trying to hit home runs all the time and therefore connects for more base hits."

"There are also more chances to pitch around tough hitters in the American League than in the National. Houston may be down in the standings in the National League right now but you couldn't convince me of that. That little Jimmy Wynn hit three tremendous homers off us in the Astrodome. If you try to pitch around Wynn you have Rusty Staub right behind him, and Staub is finally coming around to being the good hitter that many thought he would become. Not many people noticed his average last year but it was .280, and he is tailored to the Dome. He only has five homers this year but he's hitting over .340. You can't pitch around both Wynn and Staub because if you do you get to Eddie Mathews. I would say that there are more tough outs in the National League than in the American."

Despite the strong arguments for American League pitching, there is little doubt that the National has the better quality hitters, and Roberto Clemente (see cover) typifies them. Last week his average at one point was .368, some 40 points higher than anyone was hitting at the same date in 1966. Although Clemente maintains that the day of the 400 hitter is gone, because of the fatigue caused by the long schedule, the constant travel and the multitude of night games, he could become the first National Leaguer to hit better than .360 since Stan Musial reached .376 in 1948. Clemente is a slash hitter who can drive balls into right field, a power hitter who can lose them over walls, a chop hitter who can beat out ground balls. When the players voted last week for the All-Star team he led all the National League outfielders in the balloting.

Still, this year's All-Star Game should be a little more interesting than some recent ones because American Leaguers feel certain they are in a new era. The good performance of Minnesota, in the 1965 World Series and the overpowering showing of the Orioles last year brought them closer to parity with the Nationals. American League players know that people are questioning their

hitting, but they insist it is the deep pitching that is smothering their averages. The National League just laughs. Two weeks from now when the All-Star Game is on television, millions of fans will be watching it. Somebody's boast will have to be busted.

There is certainly something to say for the depth of the American League pitching and certainly the young hitters coming up in the league are good. But the American League still has not shaken the reputation that too many of its hitters play "home run or nothing." One of the better evidences of this is the poem that Walt Williams of the White Sox says to himself as he walks slowly to the plate. At 5' 6", Williams is the smallest player in the major leagues and, until he was injured last week, one of its budding stars. Hopefully, Williams does not take his poem too seriously, but it goes

See the ball before you stride,
Make sure it's not in or outside.
If it happens to be low
Hold your bat and let it go.
But if it happens to be anywhere
around
Take a good swing and hit it
downtown.

END



Strong pitchers like Gary Peters of the Chicago White Sox stifle American League hitters.

AS THE JUDGE THREW THE BOOK

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT MANDRYLLE



AT MUHAMMAD

The 30-minute charge to the jury seemed cold and deadly precise despite the soft, patriarchal manner of the judge and the soothing light of the 100-seat courtroom in Houston. His hair was thin and white and his eyes, which reminded one of Lewis Stone when he was in deep counsel with a pestiferous Andy Hardy, never left the jury. The only question, said Federal District Judge Joe Ingraham, was whether the defendant knowingly and unlawfully refused to be inducted into military service.

The testimony had taken less than five hours, and the jury was back with its verdict after only 21 minutes. Muhammad Ali, still the heavyweight champion in Europe and the Moslem world, but not—after recognition was hastily withdrawn—in his own land, was guilty as charged. Now Ali stood at the bench. Beside him were his lawyers, Quinnan Hodges and Hayden Covington. U.S. Attorney Morion Susman, on the left, noted in Ali's behalf that his record was good and that once, as a young man named Cassius Marcellus Clay Jr., he had won an Olympic gold medal for his country. Ali's troubles, he said compassionately, began when he became a Black Muslim.

"If I can say so, sir, my religion is not political in no way," Ali said.

"You'll be heard in due order," the judge replied. He then imposed the sentence: five years in prison and a \$10,000 fine. The penalties were as stiff as the law permits. Even Grover Cleveland Bergdall, the most famous U.S. draft dodger, drew only five years for his World War I evasion. Ali's mentor, Elijah Muhammad, served just three years for urging his followers to resist the World War II draft.

The usually vociferous Ali remained silent and expressionless during the sentencing. Then he walked away. He had, in fact, been subdued from the moment he entered the courtroom. His big brown eyes passive, his legs crossed, he had spent most of his time doodling on a yellow legal pad. He finished a fancy Muhammad Ali signature, drew a compass rose, the sort often seen on maps, and worked on a moody scene depicting a small plane diving into a fjord. He appeared resigned to the denouement of his trial, the first of what promises to be a long, slow series of court battles. Twice he wore a thin, knowing smile when Judge Ingraham made rulings that destroyed his defense, forcing his lawyers to fall back on the fact that he had lost a beautiful wife and untold thousands of dollars because of his beliefs.

Following the verdict, Covington, who many months ago predicted that Ali would never spend a day in jail, said, "He hasn't yet, has he?" No, Ali's plane still had not crashed into the fjord, but how long could it be kept flying in such perilous skies? **END**



Judge Ingraham delivers his harsh sentence to World Heavyweight Champion Muhammad Ali, who listens with hands clasped behind him as U.S.'s Susman and Defendants Hodges and Covington watch.



'WHAT'S WRONG WITH NICKLAUS?'

by JACK NICKLAUS

That is the question the U.S. Open champion began to ask himself two months ago, and the answers led to his victory at Baltusrol. Here is his exclusive account of his record-breaking journey from a springtime of worry to the moment of trophy-hugging with his wife, Barbara

I guess there are times in the life of any athlete when circumstances force him to ask himself, "Am I really any good?" Never mind all his old press clippings; forget the self-confidence that he has had to build within himself to have any chance of success. Just face up to that simple question. It is a question that I had to ask myself after I failed to make the cut at the Masters last April, and a lot of other people were asking it, too. "What's wrong with Nicklaus? Has he lost it already?"

Suddenly I began to wonder if perhaps I had played badly the last five years. Maybe I had been lucky to win my six major championships. So I put it to myself, "What is wrong with Jack Nicklaus?" And that was when I began to win the U.S. Open at Baltusrol, a victory that has to rank as the most gratifying of my career.

In a way this Open had everything for me. I made changes in my swing, and they worked. Two days before play began I made a major shift in my putting stroke, and rarely have I putted better. Just when I was looking for a new putter somebody handed me one. The course turned out to be superb. I was paired

for two days with the man I like most to play golf against—my friend Arnold Palmer—and was able to beat him. And, of course, I broke the Open scoring record.

There is no question that I had been playing bad golf. I was hooking my drives, hitting my iron shots—especially the short ones—quite indifferently and putting worse than I can ever remember. At the Masters, all three of these things caught up with me at once, and it was no surprise that I missed the cut. I deserved to.

It was then that I did my thinking and made my initial decision. Once I had been a fine golfer, hitting the ball left to right, but I had turned away from that style of play. Now I had to give up hooking the ball and go back to my old swing. It was this that I worked on through April and May, and the results showed at Baltusrol. Throughout the entire tournament I did not hit one hook, I did not have one shot move from right to left.

In addition, I made two other technical adjustments. One concerned my short game, which had been so erratic. I have to keep my left arm rigid on such

shots, and soon after the Masters I realized that I was not doing this. I was letting it flop around in the breeze. As a result, the club head was on a different trajectory every time I came into the ball. I never knew where the shot was going. To correct this, I began to concentrate on my left arm as I swung, and I started doing stretching exercises every day—the same kind you do if you have bursitis—that would make it easier for me to keep the arm rigid. This paid off with approach shots in the Open that seemed to me to be constantly on the flag.

When you hit the ball at the pin you obviously take the pressure off your putting. You don't have to go through the worry of trying to get down in two from 40 and 50 feet on every green. But when I arrived at Baltusrol for some practice a week before the tournament I was still putting poorly. I brought about half a dozen putters with me, none of which I really liked.

One evening I was standing on the putting green with Deane Beman and I borrowed his putter. It felt super to me. Pretty soon Deane had his hand out, wanting it back. He saw the look in my

eye, and wasn't about to give that putter away. But he said he had a few more in the car similar to it, and a friend of his, Fred Mueller, an amateur golfer from Washington, went to get them. Mueller also brought back his own putter, the head of which he had dipped in white paint. It sure looked strange. I didn't care for Deane's rejects—they felt different from the one he was using—but that white one was perfect. I borrowed it from Fred and practiced with it back in Columbus all that weekend.

Now I was more confident about my putting, but it was not until Tuesday night at Baltusrol that the really important thing happened. Gordon Jones, a friend of mine on the tour, was watching me stroke the ball. I was trying some different things, obviously displeased, and he said, "Jack, why don't you go back to the way you used to putt years ago. You know, take it back a little shorter and then hit it harder." Well, it was like a bell had started ringing. Unconsciously, over a period of time, I had let my putting stroke get longer and longer. This meant I was actually slowing the club head down as it approached the ball. You can't do that with any golf shot. And right there, with Jones watching, I began to take a very short backswing and rap in putts from everywhere. The next day it seemed I sank them all, and I shot my practice-round 62. I couldn't miss with that White Fang, and I continued to putt well throughout the tournament, three-putting only three greens while one-putting 17. Of the five key shots I hit, four were putts.

This week I ordered half a dozen of those putters. I'll send one to Fred, of course, but I hope he will let me keep the one he loaned me. Deane is right. Lending a putter is dangerous.

It is always helpful to be playing a course that you like, and that was another advantage I had at Baltusrol. It is an old course, and I grew up on one much like it, Scioto, in Columbus. These are subtle courses that demand good thinking and good shots—and will reward that kind of play. After the Open, Joe Dey, the executive director of the USGA, and I were talking about Baltusrol, and he agreed with me that it placed upon the golfer an equal demand for good driving, irons, *continued*



Preparing to putt, Nicklaus bends under a life-size reminder of the gallery's favorite.



Here is the change—shows for a 12-foot-er—that Nicklaus made in his putting. Instead of taking the club far back (above), he made the stroke very short (below).



chipping and putting—a characteristic that other recent Open courses, which emphasized driving, seemed to lack.

Baltusrol's fairways were in excellent condition, and this helped in several ways. I never had to worry about hitting off too fluffy or too shallow a lie. This permitted me to develop a swing that I could repeat every time. I did not have to take a scared swing at an approach shot, because I knew how the ball would react off the perfect turf.

One incidental effect this had was to speed up the pace of my play and, unlike 1966 at Olympic in San Francisco, I was not finding myself timed by a USGA official all the way around. Palmer and I played our final round in less than three and one-half hours, and it took us only three hours and 40 minutes to play the third round, when we were paired last and had the whole field in front of us sort of slowing things up.

I remember having to wait at the 11th hole on Saturday and walking up to the green to watch Bill Casper putt out. When I came back to my ball Joe Dey said to me, "This is very unusual for you to be waiting on Casper, isn't it?" I said, "I'm glad I'm playing last, because I'd get blamed for the delay if I wasn't." He just laughed, but it's the truth. I did make up my mind before the Open that I would play quickly so that I could concentrate on my golf rather than worry about how fast I was moving. People tell me that on Sunday afternoon when I got ahead I was racing down the fairway to my ball, the way Arnold does when he gets his game going really well and can hardly wait to hit.

I must confess that I did not turn in a particularly impressive score on the first day of the tournament—a 71, with 35 putts. I was not too concerned, though, because I had played late in the day when the greens had become a bit bumpy. Most of the good scores had been posted during the morning.

On Friday I teed off quite early, and I thought I was going to start with a sure birdie when I hit a perfect four-iron right down the flagstick. But the ball carried to the back of the green, and I ended up with a bogey instead.

I parred 2 and 3, and then at 4 I made the first of my crucial shots. The 4th is a par-3 over water. I hit my tee shot to the left of the green and chipped 10 feet past the cup. At this point I was one over par for the round and two over

for the tournament, and I had not sunk a putt in two days. This was the first time I had to be bold with a putt, and I held it. That pepped me up. I birdied the 5th by sinking a five-footer, and went on to shoot a 67.

One reason the 4th hole was so important to me was that I have always considered the par-3s as the key to any tournament. At Augusta in 1965, when I broke the Masters scoring record, there was much talk about overpowering the course and its short par-5s, but it was playing the much more difficult par-3s in five under that made the record possible. At Baltusrol, I missed only one of 16 par-3s off the tee during my four rounds, and I played them in three under par. Of the tournaments I have won, I would say that 75% of the time I have been under regulation figures for the par-3s. And I can think of only one or two tournaments where I was sub-par on them and did not win.

On Saturday I was paired with Arnold. Like most of the other leaders, I felt very lousy after having to sit around all day waiting to play at 3 o'clock. My wife, Barbara, and I watched *Casper the Friendly Ghost*, *The Winsome Woman*, a Bob Hope movie that I forget the name of, and Randolph Scott in *Riding Shotgun* before it was time to leave for the course. I did miss the end of *Riding Shotgun*, but come Sunday there was even time to see that, since we teed off later still.

We were all bothered by the late starting time both Saturday and Sunday. It was bad for the players, the gallery, the press and the image of golf—to say nothing of the havoc a brief rain delay would have caused. The only thing it accommodated was television, and I don't think television should rule golf.

Neither Arnold nor I played very well in front of the big gallery on Saturday, one of the largest I have ever seen, a good portion of which was Arnold's Army. Some people may have thought the Army bothered me by rooting so enthusiastically for Arnold, but it didn't. I know I had a tremendous gallery the first two days, and those people did not disappear on the weekend. My gallery, though, is like a silent partner. Arnold's? Well, charge! About those signs and things? New Yorkers always seem to have banners at ball games, and they like to carry picket signs. All you have to do is develop selective ears that screen out

continued

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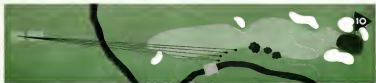
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This is where Nicklaus hit his four-tee shot on the hole that gave him the most trouble, the 449-yard 10th, on which he won three Open's.

the bad remarks. I only hear the good things.

By late Saturday the scoring situation began to get alarming. Never mind who the crowd was cheering for, Casper was piling up a big lead—as much as four strokes—and Palmer and I were looking like two losers. Neither of us had made a birdie through 16 holes. But then Bill made a few bogeys, I birdied 17 and both Arnold and I birdied 18 to be tied with Casper and a stroke out of the lead.

I was glad to get off the course in that good a position, and I knew my game was not as bad as the 72 I had shot that day. It was just a touch off. I was absolutely sure I had a good round left in me. It had to be. So I went to the practice tee, even though it was now nearly dark, and found that I was not aiming the ball correctly. To compensate, I was playing almost a slice. A slight adjustment in my stance corrected that. Next I went to the putting green, where after a few minutes I found that I seemed to be quitting with my left hand at impact. I worked on that until the stroke felt better, and then I went home to the motel to wait out the 3:08 starting time Sunday.

When I got to the practice tee the next day the first few wedges I hit were perfect. It was the same thing right through my bag. Perfect. Then I went to the putting green and started to hole everything. I quit and said to myself, "Well, let's get going," and we were off.

Arnold and I were paired again, with Casper and Marty Fleckman, who was leading, just behind us. I enjoy such head-to-head competition. This was just like at the Crosby, where Arnold, Bill and I were out of the box and battling each other all the way. You must be confident and play quality golf under these circumstances. You can't be sloppy and win.

Coming to the 4th tee, I noticed on the scoreboard that Palmer, Berman and I were tied for the lead, with Casper

and Fleckman falling behind. I had just birdied the 3rd hole, so I hit first. The shot was either a light three-iron or a hard four to the pin, which was on the left part of the green, and I decided to use the three. I hit it flush and kept saying, "Don't go too far. Come down, now." The ball dropped hole-high and rolled four feet away. I made that putt, which put me into the lead for good. I had confidence now, and I birdied the 5th hole with a 13-footer to take a two-stroke lead.

However, while I was bogeying the 6th, Arnold got his par, so I led by only a shot going to the 7th, a long par-4 that plays as a par-5 for Baltusrol members. Arnold hit what he rightfully called a fantastic one-iron about 12 feet from the hole, and I hit a two-iron to about 22 feet. My putt was downhill, and I knew it would turn slightly left just at the edge of the cup. As soon as I hit it I thought, "That's in," and when the ball got within five feet I started to walk down to the hole, because I knew it was dropping for a birdie.

Arnold then missed his birdie putt. He told me later: "That putt you made at the 7th absolutely crushed me." I sensed his reaction, because at the 8th tee he hit what he called his only really bad tee shot of the tournament. It landed behind a tree, from where he had to chip out to the fairway. I made a birdie and Arnold bogeyed, so I led by four strokes.

As we got into the back nine, I began to think about disaster. The most difficult hole in the entire tournament for me had proved to be the 10th, a 449-yard par-4 that has a very restricted driving area, particularly for someone who is hitting the ball left to right. I managed to par the hole the first round, but I bogeyed it the next two. There is a series of trees out about 300 yards down the edge of the right rough, and if you hit your tee shot too close to the trees

it is almost impossible to get your second shot onto the green. I had hit my tee shot with a driver once and a three-wood twice, and each time I was in the right rough.

Now I did the same thing—using a driver—and I bogeyed the hole again, but when Arnold missed his birdie putt I felt I was in a strong position. On 12 I hit a fine birdie putt that lipped the cup and stayed out. Then I birdied 13 and 14, and suddenly I knew the record was there, but I didn't want to make the mistake Arnold had a year ago. I just wanted to avoid serious trouble, pace myself and beat the threatening thunderstorm into the clubhouse.

I made safe pars on 15, 16 and 17, and I teed off on 18 with a one-iron. That was the only safety shot I thought I would have to hit at 18, but when the ball went into the rough to the right I had to play out safely short of a pond with an eight-iron. Now I wanted to get to the green on this 5-par hole, and I hit a long one-iron that carried just over a bunker to within 22 feet of the pin.

Breaking Hogan's record of 276 had been at the back of my mind, but it was not until this putt, which would give me a 275, that I really thought about it. I hit the putt, and it was in all the way.

When the ball dropped I gave a mighty kick. It may have been the first truly spontaneous emotion I have ever shown at a moment of victory. I remember at Augusta one year, when I was about to win, I said to myself: "Well, what are you going to do to show you are excited?" I decided to throw my hat—and I threw my hat.


But this Open was different. It meant a lot. A whole lot. And the record, too. There are only a few men who have won the Open more than once. One Open championship can be a fluke. But two can't. For a little while, at least, I won't be asking myself, "What's wrong with Jack Nicklaus?"

END

As far as his countrymen are concerned, Manuel Santana is tennis itself, a one-man Davis Cup team whose victories have thrilled the nation *by FRANK DEFORD*

**THE REIGN
IN
SPAIN OF
KING
MANOLO**





It was almost as if all Spain, not just Manuel Santana, had been the defending champion of Wimbledon, so that when Monday, on center court, Santana was upset by Charlie Pasarell of the U.S., Spain, too, had lost. No athlete in the world is so revered by his countrymen, and no defeat will alter that feeling. He is, in fact, the nation's leading hero by any measure, and by the personal decree of Generalissimo Franco, he is known as *Ilustrísimo*.

Santana did not reach this position of esteem until two summers ago when, at the age of 27, he anchored the Spanish Davis Cup team that whipped the U.S. in Barcelona. The outcome was hardly a surprise to anyone but the Spanish people, who, with little appreciation or knowledge of the game, had naturally assumed that Spain had as much chance of beating the U.S. in tennis as in nuclear warfare. When Manuel, or Manolo, as he is known, and his teammates charged out and wrapped up the competition 3-0, the whole country went berserk. Franco, watching on television from his yacht in the Mediterranean, had the silver medal of sport struck for the whole team, except Santana. Manolo was awarded the gold medal of sport, an honor so rarely accorded that in recent years only one other Spaniard—a soccer player named Alfredo di Stéfano—has earned it.

After he beat the U.S., Santana kept on winning. He took the U.S. nationals the next month, midway in a streak from May to December in which he did not lose a single match. Spain's new-found interest in tennis grew to a passion, and even though Santana and his Davis Cup teammates were beaten in Australia in the Challenge Round, Manolo revived the joy last July by winning at Wimbledon. This time when he returned to Madrid, he was larger than life. Summoned to Franco's palace, Santana played an exhibition on the Generalissimo's own private court against his doubles partner, Lis Arilla. Afterward, with the elite of Spanish society and government in attendance and with the light, gay music of the land playing in the background, General Franco called up

his honored guest and pinned upon his chest one of the highest medals that Spain can bestow upon a citizen—the *Isabel la Católica*. Then, beaming, Franco embraced Manuel Santana, the first champion of his Spain.

It had been many years since Santana's father, Braulio, came to live in Madrid. He moved there from Valladolid, a city in northwest Spain near the Portuguese boundary. Manolo suspects his forebears had long lived in Valladolid, but he is not sure, and his father died when he was 16 so he knows no more of his heritage. Manolo himself was the second of four boys, born in Madrid on May 10, 1918. A few hundred miles away in Paris, Don Budge was getting ready to win his second championship in the Grand Slam. In Madrid, though, the city was seething, in the grip of the civil war, and a year after Manolo was born food rationing was forced upon the torn, besieged population.

Chamartin, where the Santanas lived, was then almost on the outskirts of the city. Madrid has since grown north, swallowing Chamartin in its sprawl away from the Manzanares River, and none of the Santanas live there now. Today, when he is not traveling the tennis circuit, Manolo winters in Madrid but moves each summer to La Coruña, a resort where his wife, Maria—the daughter of one of the most prominent lawyers in Spain—comes from. They have two children, Manolito, who is 4, and Beatrice, 2. It is a proper, comfortable existence they enjoy, complete with a nanny who lives with them and takes care of the children. Manolo, after all, commands the highest expense fees (with Roy Emerson) in the game. When Maria travels with him in the pursuit of more titles, Manolo's widowed mother, Mercedes, moves in to help the nanny with the kids. But there is less and less need for that, for Santana is employed by Philip Morris, and is now home for months at a time, working in the Madrid office.

In Madrid, Santana's mere presence in public leads to immediate mobbing and hugging. He walks down the street, and the children, some of them dragging

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rackets that they use to hit balls against walls (for there are no tennis courts), scramble to get nearest to him. A policeman at an intersection abandons his job of sorting out the daring Spanish traffic and, while motor chaos ensues, hustles over for an autograph. Manolo smiles brightly, his teeth gleaming, and writes his name.

It is this way everywhere. Because his Davis Cup matches were brought into Spain by Eurovision from all over the Continent, Santana is nearly as much TV personality as athlete. Certainly no other athlete in Spain gets anywhere near the reception that he does. Occasionally a soccer player has achieved a certain distinction when his club has done exceptionally well, but, as Santana himself points out, "There are 11 on a team." Bullfighters are popular, but the Spanish do not view bullfighters as athletes. "We consider them the same way you do your Harlem Globetrotters," Santana says. The bullfighters bring money to Spain and pleasure to the fans, but they do not bring international glory.

Santana's victories have occasioned such publicity for Spain that it has occurred to some government officials that they should capitalize on it. Now, for the first time, serious consideration is being given to integrating athletics into the regular school day. And there is even hope that someday soon there will be public courts so that the boys who carry rackets through the streets, just as Manolo did, searching for a clear wall to hit against, will have real nets to hit over and a real game to play.

Santana carved his first racket out of wood when he was 12, a skinny truant drifting toward an illiterate life. He had quietly abandoned school when he was 10 after he had discovered one day that he could pick up tips as a ball boy at the Club Tennis de Velasquez. "For the first time," he remembers, smiling a bit devilishly, "here I was sitting in school with a few pesetas in my pocket. 'Why am I here?' I thought. I was not very good in school anyway. So soon I was going to the club every day and not at all to school. Then I would bring some of the money home."

For little Manolito it was an existence not unlike Peter Pan's. The Club Tennis was right in the heart of Madrid (it has since been replaced by an in-town airlines terminal), and Manolito, like any busi-

nessman, would casually take a streetcar in from Chamartin every morning. Later, if he tired of chasing balls or if business was slow, he would go to a movie or drift off to some other amusement. When he was 13, a club member gave young Santana an old racket, and later that year he won a ball boys' tournament at the club. Young Santana had experienced his first touch of recognition.

Home in Chamartin was not quite so delightful an existence, but it was not a harsh one, either. The living quarters were close, but there were still three bedrooms. And if the Santanas' diet was repetitive and dull, it was sufficient. Then, when Manolo was 16, Braulio Santana, an electrician for the streetcar company in Madrid, died. "And that was when my whole life changed completely," Santana says. When he talks about this, his voice deepens with emotion.

To comprehend what happened to Santana next, it is necessary, really, to understand his manner. He is always positively *jeyeros*, so full of goodwill, so perpetually smiling, that there is no one in tennis who is not genuinely fond of him. Smiling, hugging, laughing, he invests a whole gathering with good spirits. His jutting teeth deny him good looks, but his face—somewhat reminiscent of Fernandel's—is so expressive, his mood so infectiously charming, that the teeth are quickly forgotten.

It is not hard to imagine, then, how appealing the little waif scrambling after balls at the Club Tennis must have been to the members. Shortly after his father died, one family at the club approached him and asked him to come live with them. "It was unbelievable, just like a book," Santana says. "I look back now and I really cannot believe that this happened to me. It was the family of Romero Girón. Señor Girón was dead and they were not very wealthy people. They lived comfortably—one house, one car. And when they asked me to come into their house, the last thing they wanted was to take me away from my own family. They made me go home every day for lunch with my mother and brothers and they also sent money home to my mother. And listen, the important thing: they did not take me because they thought I would be a great tennis player. Who could tell then anyway? They took me because there are just some people in the world who want to do good.

That is the family of Romero Girón."

The opportunity demanded such drastic adjustments, however, that Manolo nearly rejected it. "You must remember," he says, "I had been a free boy for five years. It was a very difficult change, very difficult. Not only was I no longer a free boy, but in one week, just like that, I went from a ball boy to a member of the club. Can you understand that? Isn't that just like a book? In one week, my friends, the other ball boys, are ball boys for me."

The Giróns undertook to remake young Santana. Most involved in the project were Señora Girona, the family matriarch and widow of Romero (Santana always first refers to his benefactors as an entity, however, "*La familia de Romero Girón*"), and two of her children—Alvaro, who was to be Manolo's best man, and Aurora, who was to be named godmother of his first child. He fell into a disciplined new routine. He would arise and go to the gymnasium to lift weights, return to the Giróns for breakfast and then go to the club for tennis lessons for the balance of the morning. He would next board the streetcar for Chamartin and the other life, eat lunch with his mother and brothers and then return to the Girón house for a full afternoon of studies with a tutor.

It was not easy, having been five years away from school, but eventually he earned what would amount to a high school diploma in the U.S. The Giróns also began to expose him to religion again (he is today very devout), and they were just as solicitous in his social development; they would not let him travel alone until they considered him both mature and socially adroit.

Santana first visited America in 1959. He was wide-eyed and spoke little English. Frank Froehling, the American amateur, remembers meeting Santana. His first impression was how really bad a player Manolo was. By coincidence, that night Froehling and two others ended up having dinner with the young Spaniard. The check came and Santana pounced on it. "You've got to remember," Froehling says, "that he was a nobody then, making minimum expenses. The check ran to \$25, and he wouldn't let us pay a cent. I remember still. All he said was: 'These are my friends. I will pay for them.'"

Indeed, the two qualities that those close to Santana invariably ascribe to

him are pride and loyalty. Santana has honored friends with wonderful favors. Within hours after landing in Boston from Barcelona, he flew to Lynchburg, Va. when Arthur Ashe said he was desperate for someone to play in an exhibition match. Once he refused to accept any expense money when, well into a tournament, Maria lost a baby and he was called home. And when a California promoter reneged on him and then upped his price drastically to get Santana back, Manolo would not even go to the phone to talk to the man. Neither, as some suggest to him, will he deny his true upbringing. "They tell me," he says sadly, shaking his head, "that I should say I was always with the family of Romero Giron, but no I am proud of my whole life and my own family. I am luckier than most. I have two families, so why should I try to lose one?"

Realistically, there are no new goals left for Santana. He certainly may win one of the major tournaments again, but the odds are such that even he hardly expects to be able to give Spain the Davis Cup. None of his teammates have any chance of winning away from the bubble-gum Iberian clay courts. So for Spain to gain victory on grass (as it did against England in the European Zone semifinals last month) Santana must win both his singles and then team with Arilla, a clever doubles partner on any surface, to take the odd point. It is something like asking a man to win four

World Series games—and to do it several times a year. There is a good chance, now that the U.S. has been eliminated by Ecuador, that Spain can make it to the Challenge Round against Australia once more, as it did in 1965. But there is almost no hope that it can win the Davis Cup.

Considering that his tennis development was on clay, Santana's individual accomplishment of winning the two major grass tournaments—Wimbledon and Forest Hills—which no other Continental European had managed since the 1920s, is perhaps an even more impressive feat than carrying little Spain to Australia. His grass game suddenly matured about three years ago, when he gained confidence in it. In fact, his game on the turf does not differ all that much from his clay maneuvers. He does serve harder on grass and tries to gain the net more quickly, but his serve is so relatively weak, even in the matter of placement, that it would be impossible for him to win in the traditional slam-bang manner.

Instead, he must depend on much the same strategy and nuances that work for him on slower surfaces. Anticipation, quickness, guile are as much a part of his repertoire as are his marvelous strokes. He is always switching his style to catch an opponent off guard and take control of the match from the harder hitter. He varies spins, cuts and slices, and, above all, he gets the ball back. It may be said that Santana's game is, in fact, based

on the contrary premise that the server is on the defensive, trying to hold the serve, as the football defense tries to hold that line. "I'm more scared myself," Santana says, "when I see that a player is returning serve well, rather than just serving well."

Santana's chances of successfully defending his Wimbledon title were always questionable, for a ligament operation on his right ankle this past winter left him a bit tentative in his movements. He was also a hit unlucky, drawing a strong grass-court player like Pasarelli in the first round. With Santana out of the tournament, Emerson becomes the heavy favorite. Emerson, who has the first two legs of the Grand Slam (Australian and French)—is in top form.

Santana is not himself interested in the Grand Slam or other cumulative honors that demand a full year's rigorous campaigning. It seems, in fact, that his passion for the game diminishes each year. It is significant that when he underwent his ligament operation and there was the possibility it would not succeed, Santana was less concerned for his tennis future than for his doctor, whom he knew would suffer if the career of *ilustrismo* was concluded in the operating room. "I cannot ask for much more, can I?" Santana says. "I am No. 1, some people say, No. 2, others. It really doesn't matter. I am not a champion in the way they have been—like Perry and Budge and Sedgman and Liver. I'll never be a real bloody champion, so I can't expect much more."

Instead, his greater concern for the future is with Philip Morris, where he is determined to prove he is not just a used tennis celebrity.

"This is a wonderful thing," Santana says of his businessman's role, "and I will never lose this opportunity by playing tennis, week after week, all year."

"Of course, it is nice to know," Santana goes on, "that I can always be a teaching pro if I have to. I will always have that to fall back on, because God gave me the talent and it is mine. But after all my life in tennis, I want to prove to myself that I can do something else besides tennis. The life I would prefer is to finish in my office, and on the way home, to Maria and my children, I would stop and play tennis with my friends, and then say thank you to God for the opportunity to play tennis and see the world for all these years."

END



IN PALACE CEREMONY FRANCO HONORS SANTANA AS THE GREATEST ATHLETE IN SPAIN

SPRIGHTLY BOPPERS AND A COOL GOLDEN SWINGER

The youngsters of the ladies' professional golf tour hardly ever win a tournament—rookies don't in this exacting game—but their exuberant presence is bringing sparkle to the staid LPGA by **PAT RYAN**

She arrived on the pro tour last March with a white convertible supplied by Lincoln-Mercury, a gold golf bag and golden good looks. And if, to be honest, her golf game still lacks the Madas touch, Sharron Moran is nevertheless the brightest of the bright young things who are making women's professional golf more and more a game worth watching.

Not so long ago the women pros looked like field-hockey players out of Philadelphia, and when sportswriters wrote about, say, Patty Berg, they told how she grew up in Minneapolis playing football with Bud Wilkinson—good old-fashioned tackle football, not the Kennedy kind.

But the outlook may be changing. At the recent Dallas Civitan Open an enthusiastic newspaperman searching for a way to describe Sharron Moran reported, "She makes you think of a Greek goddess," an assessment that is only a slight slander against the good name and good looks of Aphrodite and Pallas Athene. "The Goddess" is the exemplar, the most interviewed and most talked about of the LPGA's young play-

ers. But there are plenty of others, not so flamboyant, who are also reshaping the sport. As a group they are lively, lighthearted and appealing, and if, as the older players point out, they are not as dedicated as pro golfers might be, they are bringing some public attention to the tour that it well can use.

Among the group are a homecoming queen—Sandra Palmer (from North Texas State University—some teeny boppers (signs on their automobiles read PROTECTED BY BATMAN) and a few incipient capitalists who have parlayed personality into business contracts. Pam Barnett, for example, is a 23-year-old North Carolinian whom the Del Chemical Corp. hired and put on the tour to interest club professionals in its weed killer and bug spray. And 5' 2" Mary Lou Daniel convinced a group of Louisville sportsmen who were sponsoring a young boxer that, given the chance, she could be a knockout, too.

continued

THE GODDESS. Sharron Moran, has decided key to LPGA success may be "beauty hit."







PAM BARNETT GOT HER TOUR BACKING BY ANSWERING CHEMICAL COMPANY AD

BOPPERS —Continued

Mary Lou must have done a lot of talking, since women's golf is among the hardest of all sports for a rookie to succeed at—far harder, certainly, than the men's golf tour. The rookies usually end up with little more than the key chains, pens, face lotion, suntan oil and charms that say Midland, Texas, which tournament sponsors hand out. No first-year player has won an LPGA tour event since 1961. The top players—Mickey Wright, Kathy Whitworth, Sandra Haynie, Carol Mann, Clifford Ann Creed and Marilyn Smith—so dominate the game that last year they won 29 of the 32 tournaments. These six have been pro golfers an average of nine years.

Disconcerting as such statistics are, they hardly seem to matter to the new pros. They arrive on the tour with notions of traveling, of a stimulating life, of being a somebody and perhaps, eventually, of having a powder-blue Cadillac like Mickey Wright's.

A year ago Becky Faison was a school teacher in Aransas Pass, Texas. She turned professional, she says, because she could make more money playing golf than teaching. Becky won \$56 in 1966 and has won barely \$100 so far this year, but she still maintains that her

PHOTO BY

CANDY PHELPS TURNED PRO AFTER HIGH SCHOOL



MARY LOU DANIEL IS SPONSORED BY A LOUISVILLE GROUP, A LA ALI





BETSY CULLER THINKS TOUR MAY HAVE TOO MUCH OF A "HOUSEWIFELY LOOK"

LESLEY HOLBERT JOINED LPGA AT 35 WITH NO MAJOR TOURNAMENT EXPERIENCE





theory is right. "Half the players on the tour make more than \$10,000 a year," she says, "and that is twice a school-teacher's salary."

Nor does the pleasure of travel prove to be quite what it might seem when viewed from Aransas Pass. The pros drive from golf course to motel room to another course to another motel room. While the men are playing at places like Pebble Beach and Palm Springs and Doral, the girls are collecting matchbooks and laundry stubs in Waco, Worcester and Shreveport.

It takes the enthusiasm of youth to exact a full measure of pleasure from this kind of touring. "Traveling around you learn things about different parts of the country," 19-year-old Candy Phillips says. "Like up North you don't get many tomatoes, and they put butter on hamburgers, not mayonnaise. And we see the sights sometimes. Last year when we were playing in Caldwell, Idaho they had a cocktail party for us downtown, so we got to go all over Caldwell. Of course, some places disappoint you. I won my first check, \$50, in Spartanburg, and I wanted to buy everyone a dinner. But South Carolina has blue laws, and the only place we could find that was open was Colonel Sanders Kentucky Fried Chicken."

For many rookies, tour glamour is no better than the *Late Late Show*, and many is the night that the peaches and cream of the LPGA has watched breathless as William Holden takes Grace Kelly into his arms and murmurs, "Five months ago I kissed a woman. Now I love her. . . ." So much for glamour.

Carol Mann, who turned professional at 19, says, "You spend most of the first two years on the tour adapting to a different world and trying to find a group in which you feel secure. I was like an overgrown teddy bear (she is 6'3"), and I wanted to be liked by everyone. I raced from group to group. It wasn't until much later that I felt accepted and could really concentrate on my golf."

This transitional period is difficult, and the answer to it for most of the young players has been to band together in a quasi-sorority and take comfort in each other's successes, minimal though they may be.

Donna Caponi, who became a pro two years ago, remembers driving to her first tournament from her home in Los Angeles and crying almost all the way. "I thought I would never see my family again," she says. "I'd never been away from home, and you know how close Italian families are. Even now I still get homesick, and I cry when I leave to join the tour every spring."

It is their lack of confidence that prevents the young players from scoring well. Only three times last year did one of the rookies manage to finish in the top 10 in a tournament. Mary Lou Daniel recalls shooting 72-72-82 in Toledo. "The day I shot the 82," she says, "I was planning to use a three-wood on the first hole, but the girl I was paired with pulled out her driver, and I immediately began wondering why I was using a three-wood. I switched to my driver but tried to hold back on it, because I knew it was the wrong club. Everything went wrong from then on."

Another problem the younger players have is more fundamental. "When they first come on the tour," Carol Mann says, "they have what I call a summertime golf swing. It is what an amateur needs to play in the summer tournaments, but it will not stand up to 30 weeks of professional competition." Their machinelike swings are the major factor in the consistently good finishes of the best players. Last year, for instance, Kathy Whitworth was in the top 10 in 30 of her 31 tournaments.

A newcomer who just might break the relatively staid and settled pattern of LPGA life is Sharron Moran, who is 24 and holder of a master's degree from San Diego State College. Starting from the viewpoint that pro golf success in this decade is not entirely a matter of how much time you spend on the practice tee, she has quickly developed other aspects of a financially sound golf career.

Of all the rookies now on the tour she is the only one who has had the cool to go it alone. "I don't need the group bit," she says. "I was thinking about getting married, but I decided to forget security for a while and play golf." In Dallas, on the same night that other young players were congregating in motel rooms and discussing, among other things, their "sex symbol," as they call Sharron, The Goddess herself was off having dinner with, as she described him, "a shy assistant pro." They shot some

pool, and she played the guitar for him.

The following afternoon a Chicago lingerie manufacturer flew into Dallas to offer her a contract as a girdle consultant. "I've got to think about it," Sharron said. "I'm not so sure I want to be thought of as driving down the fairway in my swingiform bra." She has signed a contract with Lincoils-Mercury, and last April she appeared in Las Vegas, along with Arnold Palmer and Bart Starr, at a large Lincoln-Mercury outing.

While still an amateur Sharron was named the Most Beautiful Golfer by *Golf Digest*, and ever since she appeared in its pages doing exercises in a gold sweat suit she has been consciously cultivating, as she calls it, "the beauty bit." She has let her blonde hair grow long and wears Garbo sun hats "to prevent my face from turning to leather." She realizes better than anyone that there is as much money in her image as in her golf, which is technically sound and enhanced by unusual competitiveness, but is far from Wright yet.

To her fellow competitors and to the LPGA's tournament director, Lennie Wirtz, Sharron is a little too nonconformist for comfort. LPGA members have been known to begin an interview with the statement, "I don't know whether I should talk to you now. I've had one drink." They are conscious of their image right down to their golf socks—not long ago Sandra McClinton was told to stop wearing anklets. "We have our ways of changing a person," a senior member of the LPGA said recently. "In two years Sharron will be different."

Maybe so, but probably not. A few months ago she was playing a practice round with some club members and Lennie Wirtz. Wirtz grew increasingly concerned when he found Sharron standing rather close to him. Finally, he reached down and grabbed hold of her golf shoe. "Oh," he said in mock amazement, "I thought it was a tree stump."

"You could do with more tree stumps like me out here," Sharron replied.

Sponsors and manufacturers must agree. When Sharron packs up her gold golf bag after a tournament, it goes into the trunk of that free Mercury. And when asked what kind of contract she has with Lincoln-Mercury, she answers, "The same as Arnold Palmer's." There is a basket of lively kittens on the LPGA tour, and one of them seems to be a special breed of cat.

END

FROM SPIKES TO A BLUE SUIT

Jocko tells how he umpired his first game when still a player with the White Sox and why, almost 30 years later, he and his associates nearly went on strike

by JOCKO CONLAN and ROBERT CREAMER



I never wanted to be an umpire in the first place. When I was a ballplayer the thought never entered my mind. I wanted to play ball and then I wanted to become a manager. But in 1935, when I was with the Chicago White Sox, I was fooling around with Ted Lyons in the dressing room one day and I broke my thumb. I didn't bother to tell Jimmie Dykes, who was the White Sox manager then. I was getting toward the end of my career, and I hadn't been playing much anyway.

So, of course, the next day Dykes said,

"Jocko, you're playing center today."

I said, "I don't think I can, Jim. I hurt my thumb and I can't grip the bat."

"How did you do that?"

"I dove for a ball in practice," I told him. "My thumb hit the ground, and I think it's sprained."

I don't know whether he believed me, but he said, "All right. I'll put somebody else in."

This was in St. Louis. We were playing the Browns a doubleheader in Sportsman's Park, and it was 114° that day. You could see the heat coming up out

of the ground. It was terrible, like a brickyard. There were only two umpires assigned to the doubleheader, Harry Geisel and Red Ormsby, and during the first game the heat got to Ormsby and he passed out. They had to carry him off the field. Geisel went behind the plate, but he needed somebody to umpire the bases, and I spoke up. I don't know why; I had never umpired before. But I said, "I'll umpire. I can't play anyway."

Dykes, who could be pretty sarcastic, said, "That's for sure." I said, "Yeah? Well, never mind. I'll umpire."

And I did. I went out and umpired the bases in my Chicago White Sox uniform. I had a couple of close decisions but no real trouble. The only argument I had was when Luke Appling of the White Sox hit what looked like a triple. Luke wasn't too fast and I was always very fast, so I ran along with him as he went around the base paths. I yelled, "Come on! Let's go! Get the trunk off your back." He was my teammate, and I was rooting for him to get the triple. Luke had an old country-boy accent and he was yelling, "I'm don't the best I kin." He slid into third base, but they had him.

"You're out!" I said.

Dykes was coaching at third, and he screamed.

"What do you mean, he's out? He's not out! He's safe!"

"He's out," I said.

Dykes yelled, "The man was safe."

Old Appling was still lying there in the dirt, and he looked up at Jimmie.

"No, Papa Dykes," he said. "He's right. He had me. He just got me."

"He missed you," Dykes shouted.

"He didn't miss him," I said. "I called him out, and he's out."

Dykes drew himself up, very dignified—gee, he was funny; it was great playing for Jim—and he put this hurt look on his face. "You're a fine guy to have on a ball club," he said, and he walked away.

I worked both games of that double-header and finished the series because Ormsby was still feeling pretty weak. That was all I did, but after the season was over Harry Grabner, the general manager of the White Sox, called me into his office and asked me if I'd like to become an umpire.

"You're pretty near the end as a player, Jock," Grabner said. "I'd give it a try if I were you."

I thought about it for a while, and then I said, "All right. O.K." Grabner sent me around to talk to Will Harridge, president of the American League, and Harridge said, "We had good reports on the job you did in St. Louis. We can always use good umpires. I thought if you were interested we'd help you along. We'd see to it that you got a job."

"In the American League?" I said. "I'll take it."

"No, sir," said Harridge. "We won't take an umpire on unless he has experience. You'll have to go to the minor leagues for that, Jocko."

So I went to the minor leagues. Harridge got me a job in the New York-Pennsylvania League, and I went there in 1936. I earned \$300 a month for a season that ran not quite five months. I was 36 years old, I was married, I had two children and I was starting a minor league job at the magnificent salary of \$1,300 a year. Well, they say an umpire has to have a lot of nerve.

I umpired in the minors for five years, and the most I earned in one year was \$3,000. Even when I got to the big leagues my salary was terrible. I have always been grateful to Ford Frick, who was president of the National League then, for giving me a chance to umpire in the major leagues. But the money was awful. I was paid \$3,600 my first year, plus \$7 a day for expenses. That didn't include travel between cities, which was handled separately, but with the \$7 you had to pay for your hotel room, three meals, laundry, cleaning and pressing, and getting yourself to and from the ball park. When I look back at it now I wonder how we made it.

Considering their responsibility and their importance to the game, umpires have always been poorly paid. It's no wonder we went on strike that time in 1964—or almost went on strike. What is a wonder is that we waited so long.

I was raised \$900 my second year, but then World War II came in and after the 1942 season they sent me a contract with—imagine this—a \$250 raise. This was the major leagues! I argued and I got \$500, but that seemed to be the standard for an umpire's raise. I can't say that I was well paid under Ford Frick. The first few years under him I made less money than I had as a minor league ballplayer in Rochester, N.Y. 15 years before.

After Warren Giles came in as league president, when Frick moved up to be Commissioner of Baseball in 1951, things became a lot better. Giles is the best friend the umpires ever had. He saw to it that we got better pay, that young fellows got decent salaries to start out with and that umpires who had been in the league a long time, and who had started

at much lower salaries than the newer fellows, got bigger raises to even things out. I don't say Giles overruled us, but he did raise us real good, and today the National League umpires get more money per man than American League umpires. Top salary in the American League is about \$15,000 now, but it's closer to \$20,000 in the National League. Rookie umpires start at \$9,500. (I was a big-league umpire nearly 10 years before I got \$9,500.) Warren Giles made umpiring a decent job, and every umpire owes him a vote of thanks.

He was really so much better than Frick. Frick was a nice man, but he never did anything. He didn't seem to have much interest. You very seldom saw him at a ball game, except at the World Series or Opening Day or at an All-Star Game. Giles is at ball games all the time, in whatever city he may be in at the moment. Frick to me was just a guy who got his pay. What did he ever do? Whenever a problem came up when he was commissioner he'd say, "That's a league matter." And he always seemed worried about spending money, even on little things. For instance, they give the players and the umpires in a World Series a little memento—a ring or a cigarette case, something like that. Nice, but nothing extravagant. One year—it was 1957—Frick met with the umpires and he asked each one what he wanted, and he didn't ask me. I said, "What about me?" He said, "There isn't any for you this year." I said, "Why not?" He said, "You've been in enough World Series. You don't need any memento this time." I said, "If all these guys are entitled to a memento, I am, too." But he wouldn't give in, and I never got one that year.

And then in 1961 I was in the Series again and we had the same meeting, and this time he asked me what I wanted. I said, "Well, I don't know. You turned me down the last time I worked a Series. How can I ask you for something now?" He said, "Do you want a ring?" I said, "No. I don't want a ring. I got a ring." He said, "I'll send you a pin then." I said, "I'll take it." He sent it to me, and it's a beauty. I'll say that. But I still don't understand why he wouldn't give me anything that other time.

Frick did another thing to me in the

continued

1957 Series. He fined me \$100, and I still think he had no right to. I was in the washroom in the umpires' quarters in Yankee Stadium before the first game of the Series when Beans Reardon and Larry Goetz came busting in. Reardon and Goetz had both retired from umpiring by then, but they were still close to the game.

"We want to get a couple of baseballs for Hal Stevens," Reardon said. The umpires always had a few extra baseballs, and old Hal Stevens of the Stevens concession family was one of the grandest men anyone could ever want to meet. A fine, warm man, and he loved the umpires. It was a natural thing for Reardon and Goetz to get a couple of baseballs for him.

"Help yourself," I said, "but you're not supposed to be in here, you know." Frick had issued orders that no one was to be allowed in the dressing rooms before the game. I guess the idea was that they didn't want anybody talking to the umpires—hoodlums looking for information that could help them with bets or setting odds or anything like that. It was a good order. Reardon and Goetz took the baseballs and left.

The next day I was to work behind the plate, and 10 minutes before the game began Charlie Segar came in. He was Frick's assistant.

"The boss wants to see you," Charlie said.

"Now?" I said.

"Yes, now." I went out on the field and walked over to Frick's box. The first thing he said was, "I'm fining you \$100."

"For what?"

"You let two umpires in your dressing room, and I told you the order was nobody allowed in the dressing room."

"I know that," I said, "but I didn't let them in. They came in. All they wanted was a couple of baseballs for Hal Stevens, and then they left."

"Well, that's it."

I said, "You mean you'll take \$100 off me for that?"

"Who were the umpires?" he said.

"If you know I let two umpires in, you must know who they were."

"Reardon and Goetz," he said.

"I want to tell you something, Mr. Frick," I said. "I broke in with Reardon and Goetz. I never knew two more honorable guys in all my life. They served you and baseball well for more than 20 years. If I can't give them a baseball, as decent and loyal as they are, then I don't care. You can have the \$100. Keep it."

And then I had to go up and umpire behind the plate. A World Series game, and I had to go through that 10 minutes before it began. That was the game I turned the lights on—early, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Nobody had ever turned the lights on that early before in a World Series game, but it was just too dark around the plate and I went over and had them turned on. The next day Frick complimented me. They were telecasting the game in color, and the TV people were having trouble with their pictures before the lights went on. Frick said the TV people had called him to thank him, and he passed the compliment on to me. But he never gave me back my \$100.

Umpires don't get paid enough for working a World Series, anyway. Even before expansion you'd get to work in a Series only about once every four or five years, and now it's once every six or seven. It used to be that the four regular umpires got \$2,500 apiece for a Series, and the two alternates \$1,000. Now it's \$4,000, and all six umpires get that. I felt—and I argued for it back in 1945—that they should pool one winning share and one losing share for each two umpires and split it evenly between them. The presidents of the two leagues, Frick and Harridge, voted against it. They said it was the players' money and the umpires couldn't touch it. I said, "Players' money? It's the people's money. It's supposed to go to the participants. Umpires are participants just as much as the players are." But they said no.

They used the same argument when they put the Player Pension Plan in after World War II. One of the great injustices in baseball was leaving the umpires out of that plan. I always felt that if Ford Frick, as president of the National League, had insisted that the umpires be included back when they were drawing up the plan, there never would have been any question about it.

In the 1950s and 1960s we tried several times to get the player representatives to suggest that we be brought into the plan. We talked to different fellows

Ted Williams and Stan Musial and Gil Hodges and others—and they came out openly and said they thought it was only right. Robin Roberts was the head of the National League player representatives at the time. Somebody told me once that Bob Carpenter, the owner of the Phillies, said that Roberts ought to end up with a million dollars, he was such a tough negotiator about money. "He's as cold as ice," Carpenter said. I believe it. I collared Roberts after a players' meeting one year.

"Did you fellows decide anything about the umpires?" I asked him.

He looked right through me with those blue eyes of his.

"What?" he said.

"I hear you talked about the pension plan," I said.

"Why, yes, we did," he said.

"Did you decide anything about the umpires?"

He gave me one of the most disgusted looks I ever saw in my life.

"We didn't even discuss you fellows."

"Isn't that nice," I said. "Great guys like Williams and Musial and Hodges say the umpires belong in the plan as much as they do, but you don't even discuss it."

There had been a pension plan in force for the umpires—it had been in force when I went to umpiring in 1936—but it wasn't too impressive. You got \$100 a year pension for each year you umpired; in other words, if you umpired 18 years you retired on \$1,800 a year. That wasn't bad in the middle of the 1930s, when a guy would get married on \$35 a week, but by 1950 it wasn't the same thing, not by a long shot. But it was never changed until Warren Giles succeeded Frick as president of the National League.

Giles raised the pension the first year he was in office. He upped the basic rate from \$100 a year to \$150 and then later to \$200, and he made the increase retroactive for umpires who were still in the league. We contributed 5% of our salaries to the pension, but it was worth it because the pension was doubled.

Even so, it still didn't compare to what the ballplayers were getting. And there were other things we wanted—insurance and hospitalization and things like that. We had Blue Cross, but we paid for it. So we organized an umpires' association in the National League. It was really

started by Augie Donatelli and myself in 1963. We planned a meeting in Chicago on an off day because Chicago was the easiest place for umpires traveling east and west to new assignments to get together. We elected five directors: Tom Gorman, Al Barlick, Shag Crawford, Augie Donatelli and myself. We had decided that we wanted a lawyer, and because the meeting was to be held in Chicago, where I had lived for so long, they asked me to suggest one. I know a lot of lawyers in Chicago, and we settled on John J. Reynolds, a young fellow I knew, a very intelligent man. I got in touch with Reynolds, and he was interested, so he came to the meeting and sat down and talked to us. He listened to what we had to say, and he explained some things to us. He told us what he thought he could do, and he told us what his fee would be.

We talked it over, and we decided to retain him. The following winter the major league meetings were to be held in Los Angeles. We agreed to have a meeting of our own there, because Reynolds thought it would be good for us to be in Los Angeles then. We would be there more or less like a lobby, working for our interests and trying to get the owners to do something for us.

I think we made a mistake in not telling Giles in the first place that we were hiring a lawyer, because anything we got would have to come through Giles anyway. But after we retained Reynolds he went down to Cincinnati and met Giles, and he made a good impression. Giles agreed to let him talk to the league's executive board in Los Angeles. Buzzie Bavasi of the Dodgers was on that board, and John Holland of the Cubs and Bill DeWitt of the Reds.

Reynolds spoke to the board and requested that certain things be done for the umpires. He asked for hospitalization, life insurance, increased pension benefits and things like that, very similar to what the ballplayers were getting. The main thing was the pension. We wanted it raised to \$300 for each year of service. We figured that a man who had umpired 20 years deserved a \$6,000 pension. We thought that was fair.

When Reynolds was through talking, the executive board recommended that he be given the opportunity to present his case to the pension board. I believe Bavasi made the motion, and Holland

seconded it. The pension board had John Galbraith of Pittsburgh as chairman, and men like Don Grant of the Mets and Walter O'Malley of the Dodgers were on it, and a few others. Giles arranged for Reynolds to talk to the pension board, and he seemed to be pretty well received. It was encouraging. They said they'd take his proposals under advisement.

When nothing happened, the umpires got restless. We had another meeting in May of 1964. About the same time Giles got the pension base raised from \$200 to \$250. He didn't know about the May meeting, he just did that on his own.

But the umpires wanted the \$300 base, and they wanted the other benefits. They felt the owners were giving them the run-around. We met in May at the Union League Club in Chicago and took a vote and decided to go out on strike on July 4. I was against the strike. I thought it was a mistake, and I said so.

They said, "We're going out on strike."

I said, "Look, whatever you decide to do, I'll go along with it, because I'm an umpire and I'm all for the umpire getting everything that's coming to him. But you're doing it the wrong way. You're trying to bulldoze them. Why don't we send the lawyer down to talk to Giles again and explain our position. That's what we hired the lawyer for."

I didn't get anyplace with them. If you have ever been in a meeting with 20 umpires you know *nobody* gets anyplace. There are 20 different motions and 20 different seconds. It's the damndest conglomeration you ever heard in your life. That was the reason we hired the lawyer in the first place, to get something done. One man can talk for 20, and that's the proper way to do it. I didn't get anyplace with them.

"We're going out on strike," they said. "We're going on strike the Fourth of July."

"What a day," I said. "One of the biggest days of the year in baseball. You're really going to defy them."

About a month later I was working a ball game in Los Angeles. It was in June, getting close to July. Buzzie Bavasi came to me, and he said, "I want to ask you a question about something that's just beginning to dawn on us. Are the umpires really going out on strike?"

I said, "Yes, they are."

"Are you going out on strike?" he said.

Buzzie was always a big help to the umpires and a good friend to me. But I said, "Buzzie, I'm an umpire. I have to go along with them. It's the only thing I can do. I don't like it, I think we should have gone to Giles again. But that's the way it is."

Buzzie said, "Gee, Everybody is beginning to think about this. It's a bad thing. It's pretty serious."

I said, "I know how to stop it."

"You know how to stop the strike?" he said. "How?"

"I think I know," I said. "At least, I have an idea."

The All-Star break that year was the 6th, 7th and 8th of July and the strike was set for the 4th. All major league clubs are represented at the All-Star Game, and they usually have a meeting.

I said, "If you can give our lawyer, Reynolds, representation at the All-Star Game—so he can present our case to all the owners there—I think the strike would be postponed."

"That's all?" he said. "It's that simple? You think that would do it?"

The thought had just come to me, but I said, "If he can talk to them I think we'd vote to put it off."

Bavasi phoned Giles, and Giles promised that Reynolds could speak to the owners. When the umpires heard that, the strike was called off. The fact that the owners would hear Reynolds was very important, because that was the only chance we had of getting our case before all of them. And they came to an agreement with us. We didn't get everything we wanted, but we did get the big thing. The pension was raised to \$300 for each year of service up to the age of 55 (you can work past 55 but your pension doesn't get any bigger). There were other details. Instead of paying 5% of our salaries into the pension fund, we paid a flat \$350. Each umpire was insured for \$20,000 (\$50,000 for accidental death). Hospitalization is still being argued about.

But the main thing was, the strike was off. The umpires' demands, which were reasonable, were recognized.

Maybe the owners recognized, too, that baseball without umpires is nothing. They can't play without us. They should remember that

END

Baseball players' families are always complaining that their guy is out of town at the crucial moment—when the baby is born, when the air conditioner breaks down, when the grass finally has to be mowed. Well, this year the American League seems to have scheduled its games in a way satisfactory to the family of Boston Red Sox Third Baseman **Joe Foy**, at least. Foy stays with his parents in The Bronx when the Sox play in New York, and he hit town last week just in time to lead them out of their

In 1943 **Harry (The Hat) Walker** led the National League in sacrifices. Twenty-four years later, at the age of 50, he is still running out his bunts. Better than ever, in fact. In an exhibition game last week the former outfielder and present Pirate manager played first base for two innings. He beat out a bunt, stole second and scored on a single by Pitcher Billy O'Dell. The game was played against the Pirates' own farm team, the Columbus Jets, and the men took the boys 12-5.

Producer **Stuart Millar** has assured George that he will be screen-tested for the role of himself, though he added, "We're not making any promises." It would be nice if George got the role. He did not really succeed in being a Detroit Lion, but who could make a better George Plimpton?

So you envy **Sean Connery** for all the time he spends making James Bond movies? Apparently you needn't. In Mexico City last week, where he was preparing

Vern Wolfe ended up with plenty of fish recently—what got away was the trophy for USC's victory in the NCAA track and field championships. His assistant coach, **Ken Matasuda**, had caught a mess of trout in the Utah streams while the team was in Provo, and he offered some to Wolfe. Delighted, Wolfe packed them carefully in dry ice and carried them tenderly onto the plane for Los Angeles. He was somewhat less delighted when he realized that what he had not tenderly carried onto the plane was the Trojan's trophy: he had forgotten it. The following Monday at the weekly track writers' luncheon in Los Angeles, Paul Schechter, trainer for the Southern California Striders, announced, "I believe I have something Vern Wolfe wants." He hauled out a bulky package and handed Wolfe his trophy, which had been found abandoned on a seat of a bus to the Salt Lake City airport. If Wolfe had to forget one or the other of his prizes it is probably just as well that he remembered the fish—an abandoned track trophy smells better.



burning house. He found them making their way through the smoke of a fire that destroyed most of the building, and he was still a trifle distracted the next day while he helped them settle in with a brother and a sister. Not too distracted, however, to hit a grand-slam homer the next evening to help the Sox beat the Yankees 7-1.

Jackie Kennedy is seeking privacy in Ireland, and she and the children (above) appeared to have found it last week as they cantered through a field of buttercups. Those who lost it were the residents of the tiny Irish village of Woodstown. Some 200 policemen, 30 special detectives and a couple of FBI men were cluttering up the place to insure Mrs. Kennedy's peace and quiet.

The Ford Motor Company gave a party in midtown Manhattan last week following its second victory at Le Mans. Victor A. J. Foyt celebrated until 9 p.m. and then left for Kennedy Airport in a Ford-chauffeured limousine, with the mad hope of catching a 9:30 flight to Houston. Ford should have given him the Mark IV he drove at Le Mans and let him handle the trip himself. As it was, Foyt put in a bad 30 minutes, gritting his teeth in the back seat of the limousine, but not half as bad a 30 minutes, we bet, as his driver. They missed the flight.

Author **George Plimpton** has just sold his book *Paper Lion*, the account of his experiences as an amateur quarterback for the Detroit Lions, to United Artists.

to star in the first British Western ever filmed in Mexico, Connery was advised that there would be a lot of rough stuff in the film—a lot even for 007. Connery is reported to have replied, "That should not be too difficult, considering some of the women I have worked with lately."

When Australian Prime Minister **Harold Holt** dove into the pool at Camp David last week he promptly found the pair of borrowed swim trunks down about his ankles. The prime minister succeeded in holding his breath and staying under water long enough to haul them up again, but it certainly begins to look as though no aspect of American foreign relations can go smoothly. The swim trunks were on loan from EIU.

"I'm like a racehorse. I ready myself for the distance, no more, no less." So says 68-year-old dancer **Fred Astaire**, currently filming *Passeo's Rainbow*. And there are plenty of racehorses around who could use some of his stamina.

One perfect rose is always a nice present, but perhaps not quite the thing for one goffer to give another. So **Doug Sanders** recently presented friend **Billy Casper** with one perfect live buffalo. It was just a baby, at 400 pounds, and Sanders said, "Billy can either keep it as a pet or fatten it up to 1,200 pounds and slaughter it. Personally, I'd like to see Billy eat a lot of the steaks and get fat himself. Maybe I could win a little more money that way."



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Chinese finesse: unsound but oh so useful

Not long ago there were reports out of Peking that Teng Hsiao-ping, the general secretary of the Chinese Communist Party, had been purged from his office because of his addiction to bridge. He was said to have diverted state building materials to the construction of a palatial bridge club, to have played not only at night and on weekends but during working hours and even to have arranged his trips around China so that his bridge associates would be available to travel with him. The symptoms of Teng's addiction, shocking as they may have seemed to the Chinese Communists, are not unfamiliar ones, especially when you consider that the Chinese have been inveterate card-players—and uninhibited gamblers—for a long time. There is evidence of cards being used in China in the 10th century, though there is no suggestion that the Chinese invented any form of bridge.

The plight of poor Teng, who might have displayed more finesse, offers an occasion to show you the one play in modern bridge that does have a Chinese association. It is called the Chinese finesse and is based on the absurd canard that the Chinese deal and play their cards backward—counterclockwise. What the play involves is the lead of an unsupported honor in the hope that an opponent will not cover. It is a technically unsound maneuver usually resorted to by beginners who do not yet understand the principles of the finesse, but it has its uses.

A form of the Chinese finesse once helped Margaret Wagar win one of her many national championships. The contract was a grand slam. The only hope Margaret had of succeeding with the hand was a backward play, and, believe it or not, the defender who let her get away with it made the correct move. I must confess that I have forgotten the exact hands, but they were very similar to the ones diagramed here.

North, having too good a holding to bid only three spades, risked a skip bid in a three-card suit, a fairly safe action because North could always return the contract to spades if Margaret became excited about the diamonds. Unfortunately, after Margaret had located two aces and two kings in North's hand via her Blackwood bidding she went to a grand slam, expecting to get discards of losers on dummy's diamond length.

As soon as dummy was put down, declarer saw that she

had no legitimate play for her contract. With nine clubs outstanding, it was virtually impossible that one of the opponents would have a blank king. So Margaret won the opening lead in her hand and promptly led the club queen.

Put yourself in West's chair. If South held the queen-jack-10 of the suit and West covered the queen with the king, declarer would get a discard of a loser from dummy. If South held the 9 of clubs as well, covering the queen would give dummy two discards. West could not know that both red suits were solid. He ducked the queen of clubs and the grand slam came home, by way of China.

*Both sides vulnerable
South dealer*

NORTH

WEST

EAST

SOUTH

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
10	PASS	30	PASS
9	PASS	20	PASS
4 N.Y.	PASS	5	PASS
5 N.Y.	PASS	5	PASS
70	PASS	PASS	PASS

The best losers in the world

That's the U.S. Davis Cup team, a bunch of goodwill ambassadors who would rather quit than fight



ECUADOR'S GUZMAN AFTER BEATING ASHE

When the president of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association received word of his team's demise in Ecuador he was himself playing tennis at Longwood Cricket Club in suburban Boston. To Bob Kelleher's credit he did not curse, throw his racket or even double fault. "Unbelievable," Kelleher muttered, and went on playing. There was no reason to rant or sob, really, because the U.S.'s 3-2 Davis Cup defeat at Guayaquil was so absurd and incomprehensible that even people connected with the game had to laugh at the biggest prank in the 68-year history of the cup competition. An official at Longwood remarked, "He ought to send our captain, George MacCall, to Cairo—he and Nasser would have a wonderful time comparing notes."

The Ecuadorian heroes—21-year-old Francisco (Pancho) Guzman (left) and 27-year-old Miguel Olivera—seemed more dazed than the losers by the result. They were the outest of out bets, and they had no idea of winning before the series began. "We would have been thrilled to get one point," said Olivera, who dropped out of tennis with tuberculosis a few years ago. While the U.S. team is highly organized and subsidized, the operation in Ecuador is haphazard and irregular. Ecuador had fielded a team only twice before in the last 20 years and had won only one match. Ifly succeeding, Olivera and Guzman gave their own association a headache almost as large as they bestowed on the U.S.L.T.A., since the victory was so completely unanticipated, there were no funds to transport them to the next Davis Cup match in Europe against either Spain or Russia. A collection is being taken.

In recent years U.S. Davis Cuppers have made a lot of tennis nobodies briefly famous: Gardini of Italy, Gisbert of Spain, Mandarino of Brazil. Now it is Olivera and Guzman, both of whom cut down the leading American, Arthur Ashe. Until the U.S. match, few people had even heard of Olivera and Guzman, including some tournament players.

"In fairness," says Chuck McKinley, America's only reliable Davis Cupper of the last decade, "Olivera isn't a bad player. He might rank around 20th in the U.S., and he beat Butch Buchholz once [1960 in the national clay court tournament]." But as for Guzman, McKinley was as perplexed as other knowledgeable tennis people. "I can't really

place him, or recall what he looks like."

So how can one explain his beating Ashe, even if Ashe, in the Army now, was rusty? Especially when Ashe was able to win both the first and fourth sets 6-0. Or how could Clark Graebner and Marty Riessen lose after leading in the critical doubles match 6-0, 5-2?

"No comment," replied MacCall when he returned to this country. He refuses to talk when he can't say anything nice, and so his observations were confined to 20-year-old Cliff Richey, who won both his singles. "Cliff has arrived as a pressure player. He's someone for the next captain to build on. He refused to be beaten."

MacCall, a 49-year-old Los Angeles insurance man, has worked hard, but he sees "no future for myself as captain. I'd be a liability to Kelleher." MacCall will be remembered as the only captain to lose three straight years in the prelims. Could another captain have won the cup, which has rested in a Melbourne hank vault since 1964? Doubtful.

Bill Talbert, whom the players wanted and whom they respect for his expertise, might have gotten them past Ecuador. But the tennis world has grown considerably more hostile since those days—1938 to 1959—when a U.S.-Australian cup final was automatic and preliminary-round opponents were few and feeble. When the U.S. began losing to Italy, Mexico, Spain and Brazil en route to Australia, the sports-page-reading public was shocked, but tennis insiders realized that somebody else besides Aussies and Americans was learning the game and that excellent players were being produced everywhere.

Olivera and Guzman, in upsetting the U.S., merely dramatized a fact of today: the U.S., which used to have lots of good athletes playing tennis, has run out of them. Today's young athlete is looking for a sport with a professional future. He sees Jack Nicklaus sink a putt and win \$30,000, and he wants to do the same. On Sundays he watches Bart Starr. He can tell you about Wilt Chamberlain or Al Kaline. These men and their teammates are well-known. They can be seen on television regularly. Tennis, except on rare occasions, is not seen on television. How many kids can tell you who Graebner, Riessen, Ashe and Richey are?

As a matter of fact, who are they? Graebner and Riessen are Midwesterners. Ashe is a Virginian, Richey a Texan.

Not one southern Californian on the team, which is shocking when you recall that the area used to produce more top players than oranges. Perry Jones's southern California assembly line has broken down. It hasn't turned out a men's champion since Pancho Gonzalez in 1949, the year that marked the end of U.S. dominance in the Davis Cup. Since then the score is three out of 17.

Tony Trabert and Vic Seixas, who won the cup in 1954, were definitely athletic and competitive. Trabert, a basketball regular at Cincinnati, may be a candidate to hang in the Smithsonian in a few years as the last American to win his country's championship—back in 1955. "We've been putting our money on the wrong horses," Tony said. "What's the first thing Red Auerbach looks for? A hard-nosed guy, right? Well, we've got to pick out that kind of kid and concentrate on him, forget the rest."

Seixas, a losing captain in 1964, is puzzled by the present players. "They've all got problems. We didn't seem to have them—all we wanted to do was play. Maybe it's the bomb. They're good kids, but they can't keep their minds on winning."

In the last 10 years only McKinley has had the combative instinct to carry a team, as he did in the triumph of 1963. A Detroit Tiger scout told McKinley's dad that Chuck could be a major league infielder. A tennis buff in St. Louis saw the potential for tennis in McKinley and stole him away.

"We have to face it. Tennis is a minor sport becoming more minor," says Bob Kelleher realistically, "and it will be until we can really sell it to the public. TV exposure would help tremendously, it's a great game on TV, but it's hard to convince networks and sponsors."

Kelleher knows that just as TV made golf, it could do the same for tennis. "More and more people are playing tennis, but the kids who could be Davis Cup players some day aren't showing up," he said. "Can you imagine what kind of tennis players Jerry West or Oscar Robertson would be?"

If Australians Roy Emerson, Tony Roche and John Newcombe were Americans it is unlikely that they would play tennis. They are top athletes, hungry to get ahead, and would be halfbacks or shortstops. Tennis is a big game in their country and offers a better-than-average living and a chance to see the

continued



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TENNIS *continued*

world. Pro sports aren't booming abroad as they are here. Players like Manolo Santana of Spain (page 26) and Nicola Pietrangeli of Italy make a very nice living from amateur tennis. Santana, from a poor family, might be an ill-paid laborer if he hadn't gotten into tennis.

Americans, though, are environmentally conditioned to having another outlook. Of the current group, only Cliff Richey has not attended college, and he is by far the most dedicated. The others enjoy the comfortable life on the circuit for a few years, then enter business.

"Playing Davis Cup was very good for making contacts," says a team member of a couple of years ago. "I got a good job, and now I can make a few thousand a year playing weekend tournaments. This keeps me traveling to the good clubs, and I get some exercise."

Most American players aspire to such a setup. Few are as determined as the Aussies, who struggle to make the traveling team and qualify for expenses of a few dollars a day. Roy Emerson has a cushy existence now, but he was one of the slaves for years.

Overseas trips and financial backing come easier to Americans. They are spoiled, but perhaps this is merely a reflection of the times and the country. At any rate, desire, if it was ever there, disappears.

Ashe appears to be an example. He obviously has talent, but his performance has lagged well behind his publicity. "They may have wrecked him permanently by jampering him," says a good friend. Arthur is fawned over everywhere by tennis officials and hangers-on who wish to show him—tennis' only Negro of consequence—how democratic they are. He probably makes more than \$20,000 a year, counting Army pay, Davis Cup subsidy and promotional stipends from Philip Morris and Coca-Cola (legal under the broad amateur rules). "Arthur's incentive could be gone," his friend says.

In their hour of pain one thing can be said for the U.S. cup team and its captain. They showed themselves to be sportsmen. When Ecuador had won and began taking up a collection to send Guzman and Olivera to Europe, George MacCall immediately chipped in \$30. And the U.S. team members gave the Ecuadorian ball boys rackets. Maybe the U.S. team can't play tennis, but it creates a lot of goodwill.

END

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LIFE

An Expo of a different kind

U.S. coaches flock to the novel showoff camps developed by Canadian pros, who believe that what goes south will surely someday return

When Duffy Daugherty sneezes in East Lansing, according to the legend, Tommy Prothro at UCLA, Paul Dietzel in South Carolina, Jim Owens in Washington and Ben Schwartzwalder in Syracuse say *Gesundheit*. Pure reflex, Ara Parseghian, diagramming a devilishly clever play in South Bend, breaks his chalk, and Bear Bryant down in Alabama, cringes. Reflex. Among the fraternal order of college football coaches, there are no secrets.

And so last month the brothers from all over the U.S. checked through Canadian customs at Toronto, dutifully answering the questions, "Nature of visit?" with rousing good humor: "Business." The coaches could have said with greater accuracy that it was a safari they were on, the bring-'em-back-alive kind but, as Canadian customs officials are not finicky about such things, business it was.

Some business. It is a known fact that a coach will walk into a collapsing mine shaft on the chance he may come out with something big and mean and fast and capable of passing a college-board exam. And what does Canada have to offer? That kind of talent. It is the roughest, most unpolished kind, but it is there and it is there in abundance.

Until very recently the voice north of the border was still and small. It is not yet a full gale shout but the word is out, and coaches, air-travel cards at the ready, have begun to swoop down on such places as Calgary, Winnipeg, Hamilton, Ottawa and Toronto to mingle with tough young Canadians who want nothing more than to attend classes and play football for American universities. By unofficial count, there were 150 Canadians playing football in the U.S. last season, and there could conceivably be 100 more each year who would look good in anybody's jersey.

It is no coincidence that the locations

mentioned are the home towns of Canadian professional teams. The great migration south, in fact, stems from rules that stipulate that Canadian football should be a game for Canadians by Canadians—mostly—and thus the rule of the 32 players on each CFL team, no more than 14 may be foreigners. The rest must be Canadian born and bred.

The rule is great for national pride but rotten for good professional football. Players freshly graduated from Canadian high schools are obviously not ready for the rigors of the professional game, and since Canadian colleges would as soon import a crate full of scorpions as give an athletic scholarship, CFL teams are in constant danger of being manned by players who will look as out of place as miniskirts at a coronation.

The solution was so obvious, it was overlooked for decades: send the best prospects south for four years, then bring them back to Canada bigger, better, and wiser. The problem was convincing American recruiters that there were any Canadians worth giving scholarships to. There was also the risk that should a boy turn into a rip-roaring stud capable of demolishing entire backfields in a single pass rush, the American pros might snap him up. Or perhaps he would decide that four years of football was great fun and then, armed with a degree, say thank you very much and go into business on his own.

"We're aware of all that," said Boh Moir, director of player development for the Toronto Argonauts, "but what the hell. We hope that some of them will return and, if they do, they will, of course, be obligated to play for the team that sponsored them in the first place."

Sponsor may not be just the right word. The players get nothing from the pro teams but the use of some tired uniforms and some very intensive coaching



BIG FIND IN TORONTO WAS JOHN HARRIS

for a few days while the American recruiters ooh and ah on the sidelines.

"We won't even advise them which college to attend," said the circumspect Moir, who is only too aware that should the NCAA smell hanky-panky, it would pounce on this reverse underground railroad immediately. The Canadian teams, he said, are scrupulously aboveboard about it all.

Toronto's high school camp, open during the third week in June, was typical of the other Canadian roundups, but larger. The Argonauts were showing off local players for the first time and had a lot of catching up to do. The Ottawa Rough Riders, for instance, have been sending players south for five years, and this season eight ripe young giants are returning for their rookie year.

There was another reason why Toronto's operation was bigger—the number of high schools around the metropolitan area. There are 93 of them, 85 of which have football teams. Last fall Moir scouted their games and at the end of the season invited 60 of the best players to attend the Argonaut camp. Moir then

advised 60 American colleges that a vast new source of talent was now available and open for inspection.

In the past few years American coaches have learned to take such invitations seriously. Kentucky's Charlie Bradshaw has called Al Phaneuf, a junior destined to play with the Montreal Alouettes, the best defensive halfback he has ever coached, and North Carolina's new coach, Bill Dooley, inherited four Canadian players, three of whom will play in the Tarheels' backfield if Dooley can learn to pronounce their names—Mark Mazza, Saulis Zemaitis and Dick Wesolowski. The fourth, Ed Chalupka, will be up there as a first-string guard.

Kent State may be the most convinced of the recruiting schools. There will be 10 Canadians on the varsity this year and more in the freshman class. "We have found the Canadians to be real dedicated people," Assistant Coach Jack Robb said last week. "They are behind American boys in fundamentals. That's why most of them end up on the defensive unit, but they make up for their deficiencies by toughness. They like the contact and are scrappers. There are no problems in the classroom, either. They all seem to have good educational backgrounds and apply themselves."

One boy in Toronto, even if he had never opened a book—and he had—was alone worth the price of a jet flight north. He is John Harris, 19 years old, 6'5" and 285 pounds. He has run the 220 in 24 seconds, which is somewhat slower than Olympic time, but if you can conceive of the Chrysler Building racing along just a few strides behind Tommie Smith, then you know what the coaches saw in him. Even such an experienced bird dog as Clyde Walker, Bill Dooley's chief recruiter, lost his composure when his hand disappeared—entirely—in Harris'. Bob Gongola of Minnesota said *how-do-you-do* and raced for the telephone and, while no one present heard the conversation, presumably it went something like, "Murray, you won't believe this, but . . ."

Harris was the big one, but there were others on a slightly more mortal scale, 240-pound types, and any number of sturdy young backs with long, powerful legs. "The big thing going for these boys," said Bob Agler, athletic director at Otterbein College and the man who is coordinating the Toronto program, "is they want that scholarship. They



HIS CREDENTIALS ESTABLISHED, 285-POUND HARRIS IS ESCORTED BY U.S. RECRUITERS

know almost nothing about football, but some of them have terrific talent and they want to learn. You tell them to take their laps, and if you don't watch them they'll be running when you get up the next morning."

It took approximately three minutes of the opening day workout for the American coaches to see what was what. The big linemen's version of the three-point stance bore a striking resemblance to a bull elephant teetering on the edge of a precipice. And when the ball was snapped, there was an agonizing moment of stark inactivity by both linemen and backs. The explanation is simple: Canada's season starts late and ends early—before the autumnal blizzards make anything caught off snowshoes absolutely stationary for the season. And even during that short time any practice lasting over an hour, three days a week, is approaching overemphasis. As for a coaching staff, usually it consists of a phys ed teacher who has read a book on football.

The U.S. college coaches, however, were not looking for polish. They took

16 of the boys finally. There was size and good speed and agility, and even though all of it tended to explode off in the wrong direction at precisely the wrong time, the young Canadians went at each other with bone-crunching zest. And without that, as Tom Price of Southern Mississippi noted, "you can get into your perfect three-point stance until you're blue in the face, and if you win two games a season you've cheated."

Suddenly the coaches, who had been strolling the field at random, began to congregate around a swift 190-pound flanker named Gary Kuzyk who had just zipped downfield, thrown his hip to the right, cut sharp left and snatched a pass out of the air without breaking stride. "Pure instinct," said Mike Wadsworth, a Canadian who played guard at Notre Dame for three years, and is now an Argonaut. "You can bet your sweet life no one taught him that up here."

"Yeah, but he started late," said one critic.

"And I'll take him as is," said Price. He would have to hustle, though. The recruiters were swooping. **END**

It was an odd era in oil sport, and it is gone forever. If you had a passable horse you could stay out all summer on a shoestring, making all the county-fair shows, which is what our reporter did and here nostalgically recalls BY ALICE HIGGINS

The Leaky-roof Circuit



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN RUSSEK

There it sat in the basement, my old tack trunk, a relic of my grandfather's that years ago I had lovingly painted blue and yellow, the colors of the RR Stobie, for which I had once ridden. I had to make a decision about the trunk. I was home in St. Louis for the first summer vacation in 15 years, my parents had sold the house and were moving to an apartment, and a lot of things had to go.

Blankets, coolers, bridles and brushes had been disposed of long ago, but the trunk had become a catchall for all the other things I couldn't bear to part with and was unable to contain in a Manhattan apartment. The misdeeds of my childhood ranged from my St. Roch's kindergarten diploma to a silver-headed crop. The crop, its head now quite black, barely held the remains of once-translucent rawhide. The other slots for whips were empty, and I remembered saving this one because I had won it. It had been during the war, World War II. Most of the major shows had been suspended for the duration, while the local shows, those in reach of the gas ration, often offered in lieu of silverware such practical trophies as halters, blankets, coolers and this now-decayed whip. As I tossed it, plus a thick pack of exhibitor's cards, into the trash, I was suddenly depressed. The mid-'40s seemed light-years away. I realized again that the horse show life I once had led, as opposed to the one I now cover for *SINUS ILLUSTRATED*, doesn't exist anymore. Perhaps it's just as well—it was strictly leaky-roof.

Immersed in nostalgia, I phoned Nancy Flavell, an old comrade in battling the county-fair circus, and suggested a trip to southern Illinois. The next day we were driving through the soft summer evening, the sun reluctant to leave a hazy lavender sky, through towns with white houses and brick sidewalks shaded by generous elms, past crossroads where the name on each sign was also on a ribbon back in the basement trunk. This was always a particularly peaceful time on a fairgrounds, the last quiet before the hustle of getting ready for the evening show. "Remember," said Nancy, "how Dad would arrive about this time and say, 'Nancy, the only time you look happy is when you're sitting on a bale of straw.'"

When I first met her, Nancy was showing a five-gated gelding named Flight Command that she had bought from Don Hayes (now impresario of the Hambletonian). Flight was a little over the hifi, which made him quite at home in the company he was then keeping, but he still was able to pull his aching shoulders together to win an occasional class. At those times, however, he was so liberally helped by the liniment bottle that one judge, who used him first, remarked that he could smell Flight before he saw him. Considering the murky light of county-fair racetrack straightaways, where we usually showed, it was not an unreasonable statement.

Flight was especially fond of Malone's taffy, a white, chewy and practically tasteless confection that was sold on every fairground. The sound of a piece of paper being

crumpled outside his stall would bring him pawing and nickered to the door, and more than once he snatched whole bagfuls of taffy from the hands of innocent passers-by. All of Nancy's horses seemed to have a touch of larceny in their makeup; a later one was inordinately fond of cigarettes, even lighted ones, which he would deftly nip from the lips of the unwary. The canvas stall covers or hunting now in use at most shows to protect horse and visitor from each other were not generally available where we were showing.

The gated horse I was campaigning when I first met Nancy was a bay mare named Lady Lightfoot, called bitterly, after certain classes, "Lady Leadfoot" or "Lady Stumblefoot." Lady was a bit long in the tooth when the Reinharths, her owners, first let me take her into the ring. She was then 10, but she was a great pretender; she won her last blue that I know of when she was 18. Lady was an ideal county-fair horse because she was apparently made of cast iron and could go on, class after class, week after week, not winning many events but almost always finishing in the money, thus supporting both of us in our travels. She hated other horses, as Mrs. Reinhardt and I discovered at the Salem, Ill. show. We were stabled in a tent, and as soon as Lady entered her stall she lay back her ears, squealed, reached over the top and bit off the tip of the ear of a strange horse in the adjoining box. We spent the next half hour stealing two-by-fours from nearby empty stalls and building up the walls like a command post. Fortunately, we were usually early arrivals. Since Lady never got over the urge to inflict damage on horses to whom she had not been properly introduced, my first job at any fair was a lumber raid. If there was nothing left to snatch, I usually managed to talk some friendly souls showing ponies out of their excess timber. Naturally, the owner of any neighboring horse was usually delighted to help.

Lady's attitude toward strange people was more Olympian than hostile. She would turn her head away and fall into abstraction. Occasionally a stable tourist who thought all horses were as friendly as puppy dogs would grab her halter and try to pet her. Lady's ears would go back and her nostrils would flatten into hard ovals. She never nipped, but it was clear she was toying with the idea.

After my initiation into the joys and uncertainties of horse show travel, I was determined to go again the following year. The Reinharths, involved in war work, turned Lady over to me, and I was all set to realize my dream of being able to ride, feed, groom and sleep with my horse. My parents, unfortunately blessed with good sense, firmly said no. But I was lucky. Along came Grace Rogers, a highly respectable St. Louis lawyer, riding to the rescue on her paint horse named Poncho Flash. Grace had the same idea I had. She agreed to be my chaperone, and soon we were off in the Reinharths' two-horse trailer for Anna.

Arriving there late, when everyone else had settled in for

continued



Outraged by a spook on the fairs, Flight Command leaped into the jeep, nearly wrecking Nance's and Jim's first trip.

the night, we shook out straw, hung up hay bags, carried pails of water and finally made ready our own quarters in the trailer. We swept it out with care, broke open some fresh straw and made our beds on either side of the trailer's partition. Then, with a last look at the horses standing in a misty rain, we went to bed. I burrowed in, ready for sleep, but unmistakable animal aromas came drifting up through the straw, and slivers began infiltrating through the blankets. Then the rain started in earnest and soon was leaking through the roof. I kept telling myself how wonderful it all was.

The next morning—gray, cold and wet—was enough to dampen the zest of a campaigner in Napoleon's class. The mud was getting even deeper and the water was running into the stalls and constantly dripping from above. The term leaky roof is no misnomer. We borrowed shovels from some friendly neighbors and started trenching, making gullies to direct the water away from the stalls. At many shows after that I often sat on a bale of hay, watching the thunderheads form and eyeing the slope of the land, wondering if I should start digging or if the storm would blow over. There is nothing more useless than a dry ditch. Most of the time I started when the first plump drops were splattering in the dust, and once I was saved the exertion when the tent in which the horses were stabled blew away.

The weather did finally clear, we got to show our horses and Lady garnered enough money for me to think ahead. Nancy was at Anna also, and we all went on from there to Du Quoin and Marion and other fairs, always earning just enough to continue. One of the nice things about the fair

circuit was that you did not have to pay an entry fee unless you finished in the money; then the fee was deducted from your winnings. Since we were in the ring every time the gate opened—under saddle, in combination or fine harness—we managed to be collectors rather than payers. A box stall cost two or at the most three dollars, so it was perfectly possible to start the circuit on a shoestring, as we did in the following years, and stay out all summer.

The next year Nancy had her own secondhand open trailer and a man named Jim working for her, and Jim more than occasionally gave me a hand, too. Jim was a lay preacher and claimed that he could speak in tongues, but we were never privileged to hear this talent. His constant complaint was that Flight snored so loudly he was kept awake at night—which was corroborated by grooms unlucky enough to be stabled in the vicinity. Nancy's and Jim's maiden voyage with the trailer, which was towed by a jeep, was almost a disaster. As they drove along a country road the tailgate fell in, giving Flight a smart spank on the fanny. Outraged as a goosed dowager, he leaped over the top of the trailer and into the back of the jeep. "There ain't room here for both of us," Jim yelled, and he scrambled out of the moving jeep and into a handy ditch. Flight, miraculously, was extricated with nothing more than his dignity wounded.

I caught up with Nancy that summer at Ashley. I was not showing Lady, she had popped a splint after the spring shows and was blistered. But out of the blue came a call from a man I'd never met, a Mr. S. J. Anderson, who wanted me to show his gated gelding, Gypsy Baron. Anderson had parted suddenly with his last trainer when

continued

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Trying to make a beauty of Gypsy Baron by dyeing his tail was a failure. Feeding him gin before a show was a disaster.

that gentleman filled himself with gin and fed some to the horse before a show. Baron, somewhat befogged, disgraced himself in mid-class by trying to climb into a box seat, much to the consternation of the rightful ticket-holders. When Baron was sober, I discovered, he had beautiful manners in the ring, except for a tendency to run off, which kept me on the alert. After hours he was an escape artist, an equine Houdini. What he couldn't unhook he would untie. Then, if he couldn't slide under the door, he would climb over. Mere walls were as nothing when the wanderlust overcame him, and leaky-roof stabling was generally of the most escapable sort. At the sight of an empty stall in the morning I would grab a shank, jump into the jeep with Nancy and start scouring neighboring farms. We would usually find him contentedly grazing with the cattle, easily recognizable among the Guernseys in his tail set, fly sheet and bandages.

It was at Ashley, too, that Mr. Wilfred Malan, a retired postman from Pinckneyville, first asked me to show one of his road horses in an under-saddle class. From then on the thrill of putting on colors, of being able to whoop and yell when they said "turn on," the feel of a horse trotting that fast, all obsessed me. I haunted Mr. Malan that summer and for many summers thereafter, and whenever he needed a rider he would come around with the silks of his second-best horse, Barbara Alan. He also let me drive The Saint, one of his harness ponies, in ladies' classes, while his wife drove The Sinner. To accurately reflect the tempers of the ponies those names should have been reversed; I regularly left the ring with arms trembling from the strain of being pulled. And I will never forget my total humiliation

when The Saint ran off with me in a huge class at Du Quoin. The class was halted and I stood up in the viceroys like Ben-Hur in his chariot, able to do nothing but steer frantically between the frozen entries until some men leaped out by the gate and grabbed the lines, a miniature version of *Stagecoach*.

Mr. Malan had his bad moment at Du Quoin, too. In a road class, at the turn-on signal, he yelled with such a mighty roar that his plates flew out of his mouth. They were later retrieved, intact, from the tanbark when the class lined up.

That summer I did quite a bit of catch riding. One minute I'd be sitting on a bale of hay, the next up on a strange horse ready to show. A few minutes to warm up and get the feel, then I'd be in, under the lights, before an audience and, more important, a judge. I recall showing R.W. Brown's cocky walk-trot mare Fancy Frills in a ladies' class for the first time. I thought she was making a good show, particularly since R.W., standing in the gloom of the turn, was smiling encouragingly. We were wearing arm numbers instead of back numbers, and when we lined up I peeked down and looked at the judge's card as he jotted my number in first place and then proceeded along the line. There was no workout, so I had my happy winner's smile ready to flash when the number was called. I could scarcely believe it when I heard we were second. R.W. collared the judge after the show, and he explained with rare honesty, "Well, R.W., your mare was making the best show, but that other girl was so pretty I just had to give it to her!" I promptly went out and dyed my hair blond.

I also made the ghastly mistake of trying to dye Gypsy Baron's tail the following year. Gypsy was a plain chestnut horse with nothing to distinguish him except an unfortunate Roman nose, so I invested in gallons of the proper solution and started peroxidizing his tail. Unfortunately, the flies were biting that day, and even a horse that is generally cooperative has to swish. I'd grab the tail, soak it in the solution and—whack!—off it would go. This went on for some time without visible results, so I decided I'd mixed the wrong formula. I washed out the peroxide but overlooked the flanks, which the tail had been constantly slapping. Soon they were covered with irregular blond stripes. I tried masking them with shoe polish for the rest of the season but, sadly, the polish ran when Gypsy worked up a sweat.

We made a lot of shows that year with no serious accident or illness, though fairgrounds cooking made mere survival a risky business. If you were lucky, the death throes of a fly in the murky barbecue sauce would catch your eye in time, and you had to scrutinize the coffee with extreme care before trying a swallow. There was always something in it, or in the sugar bowl or the cream pitcher. We bought a hot plate and canned foods, but our indifferent washing-up procedures were almost as lethal as the midway meals. Even today the memory of food hampers occasionally

continued

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provided by Nancy's mother makes me as lyrical as Lucius Beebe recalling some Lucullan extravaganza.

There was a lot of idle time around a fairgrounds, not filled by eating, showing or the work involved in primping a show horse. Nancy and I would wander the midway in the mornings, as the crowds were arriving, and the carnival people, who got to know us, would invite us onto their Ferris wheels and merry-go-rounds free, to laugh it up and look gay, in order to attract some real cash customers. A 45-minute ride on a Ferris wheel, we discovered, has a limited repeat value. Unfortunately, we were not on the merry-go-round at Mount Vernon one year when the governor broke and the motor accelerated, the centrifugal force sent adults and children flying off into space and, ultimately, into the hospital.

We usually spent our afternoons watching the races, both harness and flat, from a vantage point on the back stretch where all the dirty work took place. Supervision was casual, and a grudge was generally settled in a direct and rough fashion, like knocking a fellow jockey off his horse in mid-race or the teeth out of the starter after the race. Horses met some very unpleasant ends. Once, at Vienna, after one had been killed and another seriously injured, I started across the track in a rage to protest, but the track was so gooey that I walked right out of my shoes. Standing in one's socks in the middle of a racetrack, with shoes sinking rapidly out of sight, is not a firm position from which to register indignation. It is not an easy position to get out of, either.

After the races one afternoon an elderly gentleman showed up with a Tennessee Walking Horse, and he put the horse into its easy-running walk on the half-mile track. It got dark, but they kept on walking around and around. The show started, and no matter what class was in progress on the straightaway they ambled right on through and continued their way around the complete circuit. By great good luck they arrived in front of the grandstand at the proper time for their own class and merged with the other Walking Horses. They won fifth place, to the delight of the crowd, which had followed their travels. I remember it was a white horse.

We showed well into the fall that year, and I commuted miles back and forth after school to be able to appear in one class. Mrs. Anderson read the maps while I drove through the clinging ground mists of autumn, running over in my mind the probable morning quiz questions. We got lost quite often.

The following season Mr. Anderson bought a four-horse van and a walk-trot mare named Mary Jane Peavine, and he hired a driver-groom, a student named Barney Barn-grove, who had owned and shown his own horses before he left for college. We also took on Lynn Kuehn, a 15-year-old St. Louisan who owned Gloria Dare, another walk-trot mare. My Lady Lightfoot was back in commission, and I had acquired a Dalmatian bitch named Delilah, who

caused more trouble than the four horses put together.

So, with van full, we headed for Pinckneyville to begin our season. One of the real pleasures of arriving at the fair is stall-hopping with old friends. Nancy was there, of course, with a new two-horse trailer, a new walk-trot mare named Blythe Spirit, Flight Command and Jan the lay preacher. There was Earl Jones, a student undertaker, who had two jumpers. One was named Cap and the other Rigor Mortis, whose spirit matched his name. There were the Log-ston girls from Shawneetown, who went to Stephens College in the winter and showed horses all summer; Esther Williams from Carmi, Ill., who once berated a judge and was later thrown out of a ladies' class by that same official on the grounds that anyone who knew those words was no lady, and Lil Jenkins and her sister Alice. Lil was a lady jockey. Her sister, who was quite tall, always wore a hoof pick dangling from her belt.

That summer our stops included Golconda, and if there was a basement to the leaky roof, Golconda was it. The grounds were situated in a hollow where not a breath of air ventured, and it was as hot as only a river town can be. Horses were dying all around us. A parsimonious management had not even provided electricity in the tents. Barney brought the van around and rigged up a system that worked off the battery, which was hard on the truck but gave us some illumination.

continued



Allowing the boys to use the shower in our rented room aroused dark suspicions in the mind of the landlady.

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Harrisburg, by companion, was the Elystan Fields. There were shed stalls, the temperature had dropped and spirits were high. Don Harris and Ruth Kauffman were stabled next to Nancy and me along the row, so to cut expenses the female contingent took a room in town while the boys stayed on the grounds. We let the boys use the room in the daytime for showers, and this conjured up dire suspicions in the mind of the landlady, who took to lurking in the hallway around the clock.

Since we had no matinees, there was ample time for chores. One afternoon, with plenty to do, the boys decided to go to town for ice cream and a movie instead. Ruth pointed out a fine-harness buggy that needed cleaning, and I rubbed a finger in a meaningful way over a saddle. Barney, Don and Don Gibbons withdrew into conference, then ambled purposefully into the Harris van. Ruth was summoned and disappeared, and then I was called. Two minutes after I had entered I was neatly tied hand and foot and stretched out in the straw alongside Ruth. Nancy soon joined us. The boys disappeared in Anderson's van. Our furious yells finally caught the ears of Jim and another helper who had been watching the races. After a consultation, however, they decided they didn't want to be involved and left us to fend for ourselves. Eventually we got loose and were busily cleaning tack when the Anderson van lurched through the gate. But we had plotted revenge.

That night, when the fairgrounds had settled and the boys were sure to be sleeping, we returned, creeping in via a loose board Ruth had discovered in one of the stalls. Each of us carried a full pail of water, and targets and timing had been coordinated. The operation went like clockwork. After dousing our persecutors, we melted back into the night and drove to town laughing gleefully. We were especially pleased to note that it had turned quite cold.

But there was little laughter on the ride between Harrisburg and Mount Carmel. This was a somewhat longer haul than usual, and I was settled comfortably in the cab with Barney and Delilah, admiring the fence posts overgrown with

honeysuckle when a terrible commotion broke loose in the van. It was not just the occasional kick of a restless horse but a barrage of explosions against the metal walls. We pulled off the road, and Barney boosted me into the back of the truck, hoping I could calm the trouble maker, who turned out to be Mary Jane Peavine. She had been riding peacefully all summer but now had gone berserk, and the other horses were uneasy. Baron kicked sporadically, which was normal for him, but Mary Jane was literally climbing the walls. I tried distracting her with her hay bag and oats, but it was like offering an elephant a juicy mouse. Remembering the old adage about the mule—if you want to get his attention, first knock him down—I hit her with a broom, but that didn't help. By this time the other horses were past the uneasy stage, they were plain scared, and so was I. Finally I got a twitch on her nose, and there we stood the rest of that endless ride. When we led her off the track at Mount Carmel, she had a knee as big as a cantaloupe and her career was ended.

Baron had broken a shoe in half, which was serious, because he wore a type with a special trailer. There was no blacksmith on the grounds, naturally, so I found a hammer, pulled off the two pieces and went into town in search of



Sitting on a bale of straw and daydreaming filled the idle time around the fairgrounds.

of mother. After I explained our predicament at the town's only garage, the mechanic was pulled off the car on which he was working. He shook his head in a befuddled fashion, and reported the state. Back at the grounds, I found Mr. Margenthuler, a retired coal miner who would do anything with his hands, and busied the patched shoe back in place.

Now, more than 20 years later, Mr. Margenthuler is a full-time blacksmith and flies all over the country shoeing show horses and ponies. His daughter Joyce is a well-known professional trainer. She was showing in the northern part of the state when Nancy and I arrived at the Margenthuler home in Pinckneyville on our sentimental journey. We asked about the old show. "No," said Mrs. Margenthuler, "they don't exist anymore. Why even some of the fairs are gone, and the grounds are used for something else. If there is a show at all, it's western style. The old 'society' show is finished."

We dropped in on the Malans in Pinckneyville and found Mrs. Malan in the kitchen putting up jellies. Mr. Malan (age 82) was over in Missouri showing 1 R. McKinley's Concoction "Heavy cats," I gasped. "How old is that pony now?" Mrs. Malan guessed he was 24. We went into the living room in search of the Pinckneyville newspaper. The walls were hung with ribbons, trophies and photographs of horses. The Pinckneyville Fair had ended the previous week and we scanned the papers for familiar names. Lil Jenkins, it turned out, was the leading jockey.

Nancy and I drove out to the fairgrounds, now deserted and wearing the bleak look of a place abandoned after the show has moved on. The stables, grandstand and track were as dilapidated as they had been 20 years before. Flies and mosquitoes buzzed angrily as we strolled onto the sagging, dim harris, trying to decide where we used to be stabled. "Did it really smell this awful then?" I asked.

We stood in the middle of the straightaway where we had lined up, waiting for the judge's decision. This time our numbers were not going to be called. "Cons, oh, Alice," said Nancy. "Let's go since we can't find a bale of straw."

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

"If I didn't know who was leading the American League before I got there, it didn't take me long to learn," said Cub Manager Lee Durocher after a charity game in CHICAGO (3-3) against the White Sox. "Eddie [Manager Eddie Stanky] calls me and says, 'Come over to my office, I'd like to talk.' It wasn't too long ago that he'd come to my clubhouse." The White Sox continued to reap the benefits of fine pitching (Gary Peters won his 10th game) and clutch hitting (Gerry McNettrey's hits won two games, Tommy McCraw's homer decided another). DETROIT (3-4) pitching also remained as consistent as ever, in its own negative way. Reliever Fred Gladding faced just one batter all week, giving up a game-winning homer to Mickey Maule of NEW YORK (3-2). Denny McLain of the Tigers lost to the Yankees 3-1 when he gave up three home runs. That left him with a total of 22 home run pitches and caused him to say that he would open a restaurant called The Upper Deck. Steve Hargan of CLEVELAND (4-3) won twice, but Sonny Siebert's record slipped to 6-7. Trying to explain a strange malady that has been bothering him, Siebert said, "You can't pitch when you're half drunk. I've felt that way for two weeks. I'm afraid to go out to the mound because everything starts spinning around." MINNESOTA (3-3) was bolstered by three-hit shutouts from Dave Boswell and Dean Chance (his 10th win), plus four homers by Harmon Killebrew. BOSTON (4-1) got complete-game wins in a row from Gary Bell, Jim Lonborg and Lee Stange, the first time that the Sox accomplished that since last July. Jim Palmer, Wally Bunker and Duane McNally of BALTIMORE (3-3), who pitched shutouts in the final three games of last

year's World Series, all had won. Palmer was sent to the minors and McNally to the bullpen, both with sore arms. Bunker, for the sixth time in six tries, failed to pitch a complete game. WASHINGTON (3-3), without a home run in 12 games, beat the Orioles when Paul Casanova hit a three-run drive, and when Mike Epstein, in his first at bat in Baltimore since being traded, hit a grand slam. Adding to the Oriole frustration was the fact that they lost their first game to Phil Ortega 3-2 even though they could "read" all of his pitches (two fingers over the ball for a curve, four for the fast ball). JIM McGLATHLIN OF CALIFORNIA (4-3) pitched his fifth shutout of the season, one of three by the Angels last week. KANSAS CITY (1-6) squandered much of its good pitching because of lack of offensive support.

Standings: CH 25-25, DET 26-23, BOS 25-27, MIN 24-23, CLE 24-24, CAL 23-27, BAL 22-24, NY 21-25, KC 20-26, WASH 20-29

NATIONAL LEAGUE

It just wasn't Dave Bristol's week. THE CINCINNATI (2-4) manager was forced to add Don Pavletch to a list of six other Reds' regulars who were out with injuries. Pavletch had paid the price for hitting two home runs in one game: he was hit by a pitch the next day, causing his arm to swell from the fingers to the shoulder. Even Bristol's 34th birthday was spoiled. When the Pirates loaded the bases and tied the score in the ninth inning, Bristol called in Reliever Bob Lee and told him, "No breaking stuff, just Powder River." Lee dutifully cut loose with his very best Powder River, a fast ball that flew over the plate, the batter and the catcher. By the time it finished ricocheting around, it was in the Pirate dugout and Pittsburgh had the winning run. ST LOUIS

(6-2) capitalized on the Reds' misfortunes as Roger Maris won one game with an 11th-inning double, another with a homer. Then Maris, like Pavletch, had to pay for his home run. He was narked by a pitch the following day and had to leave the game. Revitalized CHICAGO (6-1) was the highest-scoring team in the majors and also among the slickest-fielding. Shorestop Don Kessinger fielded a ball while on his back and flipped it to second base for a forceout. The newest Cub, Relief Pitcher Chuck Hartenstein, won twice. Mike McCormick of SAN FRANCISCO (3-5) brought his record to 7-3 with two wins, and Juan Marchal pitched a pair of five-hitters. Marchal picked up his 10th win in the first game but lost the other 2-0 to Bill Singer of LOS ANGELES (4-3). One reason why the Giants were limping was the 85 runners who had reached third base with less than two out, only to die there. Maury Wills set up a PITTSBURGH (3-3) victory with a clutch hit the very same day that Dodger GM Buzzie Bavasi said, "If I could arrange last winter's trip again, I would go to Japan and have Maury room with me. I'd see to it that he didn't leave the country." ATLANTA (5-4) missed a chance to move into the first division when it lost a doubleheader to NEW YORK (3-3). Tom Seaver of the Mets beat the Braves 9-4 in the opener, and Tommy Davis homered to win the second game. Davis also got a double against Larry Jackson of PHILADELPHIA (3-3), which was noteworthy only because it was the lone hit the Mets got off Jackson. HOUSTON (0-7) pitchers gave up hits to four batters on whom they had 0-2 counts as the Astros lost four one-run games.

Standings: STL 42-24, CLE 42-29, CH 28-25, PH 25-25, SF 24-21, ATL 20-24, PIT 21-25, LA 23-25, BOS 25-25, NY 23-24

HIGHLIGHT

Last week was one big fight right in the major leagues. Henry Aaron and Rico Carty of the Braves traded punches during a plane trip to L.A. "He called me a dirty name," said Aaron, who took a swipe at Carty, missed and almost decked Pitcher Phil Jarvis. Tony Oliva of the Twins also showed he is less of a slugger off the field. After some back-of-the-bus horseplay, Oliva and teammate Ted Uhlender exchanged words but no punches. "The idea of the game," said Manager Cal Ermer, "is to fight the opposition, not each other." That is precisely what the Red Sox and Yankees did when a benchball argument erupted into a brawl. Joe Pepitone of the Yankees came out of the fracas with a sprained wrist, but was more concerned about his cuffing. Said Pepitone, "Someone messed up my hair."

Like so much of the feuding and fussing that went on, the argument shown at right was slightly ridiculous. It started when Umpire Al Salerno called Phil Blair of the Orioles out at second base, a decision that brought Baltimore Manager Hank Bauer out of the dugout like a Miata bull. After the two had spent a few minutes in a routine umpire-manager debate, Hank Soar, the senior umpire of the group, decided to intervene. In a scene reminiscent of the Keystone Cops, a biased Salerno turned on Soar and ordered him back to his post at first base. He appeared to be tossing his fellow umpire out of the game. Through it all Bauer stood by somewhat inconspicuous and more than slightly amused. The fans got a final kick out of the situation when Salerno made an emphatic gesture with his right arm as Soar headed back to first. Explained Salerno with a straight face: "I was just throwing my chewing gum away."





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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ALI

Sirs:

Congratulations on Bill Russell's description of the recent summit meeting between Negro athletes and Muhammad Ali ("I Am Not Worried About Ali," June 19). It is unfortunate that you did not allow Russell's piece to appear without the preceding disclaimer in SCORECARD. There is indeed a difference between Protestants, Catholics and Black Muslims. But as far as I know, Muhammad Ali has never lowered himself to the level of some of the good Baptists of Birmingham or some of the good Catholics of Cicero, Ill. The point that needs to be made—and the point that Russell was making—is that there is a growing tendency in this country to judge people by their associations, rather than by their personal conduct. If the latter criterion is used, Muhammad Ali must certainly be accorded more respect than many, many Americans, Muslims and non-Muslims alike.

Moreover, SCORECARD's implication that Ali's "victimization" is wholly due to his association with the Muslims is naive at best. If this were the case, why did the enlightened WBA wait until the "refusal to serve" issue arose before stripping Ali of his title? The war is ending everywhere.

FREDERICK D. KEMP

Dallas

Sirs:

This man is a minister? This man loves his fellowman so much that he cannot take up arms against the enemies of his country? "He has an absolute and sincere faith," says Bill Russell.

He tortured Ernie Terrell because Terrell would not call him Muhammad Ali. Knowing that Patterson had a back injury and that he could have knocked Patterson out in the first or second round, he took deliberate pleasure in carrying his pain-racked opponent to the 12th round just because that for had expressed disagreement with his so-called religious views.

This man who owes all that he is to the guidance of a group of white men, upon arriving at the peak of his profession, sincerely turned them aside.

In the only country in the world in which he, a Negro boy born in poverty, can become a millionaire, we find him unwilling to serve that country.

HUMI SYMCOCK

Newport Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

I respect Bill Russell, but I feel that in this case he can't see the forest for the trees. There is a broader scope to this issue—more than just a man's own beliefs. It involves

honor to country and belief in the country where one lives. Ali's theory would appear to be "serve thyself" and Black Muslims, but not my country—not even in nonviolent ways by driving a truck, special services, etc. As a superathlete he could have had a choice of how he wanted to serve—and this is not the privilege of most.

D. LAWS

Penfield, N.Y.

Sirs:

As the father of a son who served in Thailand, another son who was recently commissioned a lieutenant in the U.S. Army, another who is an Officer's Candidate School and a fourth son who expects to enlist in September, I must protest any individual's attempts—regardless of color, creed or athletic accomplishments—to avoid military service by subterfuge.

Cassius Clay was originally exempted from military service because he failed Army intelligence examinations, i.e., he was supposedly mentally substandard. He did not claim, then, to be a Muslim minister.

Bill Russell now says, "One of the great misconceptions about Ali is that he is dumb and has fallen into the wrong hands and does not know what he is doing. On the contrary, he has one of the quickest minds I have ever known." I respect Bill Russell's appraisal.

JOHN L. BRAY

Bearsville, Texas

Sirs:

As a fan of both Bill Russell and SI, I was concerned about a paragraph in Bill's story that I think gave an erroneous impression of California's Governor Ronald Reagan. What Governor Reagan actually proposed during the campaign was not to take people off relief so they would have to find jobs, but to find jobs for those already on welfare. Bill Russell must agree that there is more dignity in a paycheck than in a relief check.

Having worked for the governor as a special assistant these past several months, and as a fellow professional athlete, I would like to point out to Bill and to SI readers one of the many positive problems faced by minorities. Governor Reagan has charged H. C. (Chad) McClellan, a Los Angeles industrialist, with the responsibility of directing a statewide program to develop job-training and opportunities for the disadvantaged. This is the same program that was so successful in the Watts curfew area, where 17,800 people were placed in productive jobs, helping to restore their self-respect and reducing the welfare rolls. This truly is a statewide "war on poverty" conducted

within the framework of our private-enterprise economy, which is helping people to help themselves—the governor's theme of a Creative and Free Society.

I am sorry Bill Russell seems to have misunderstood Governor Reagan's real objectives and those of the voters of California.

JACK F. KEMP

Sacramento

Sirs:

Bill Russell is a self-proclaimed student of Marxism and Black Muslimism. In his search to fill the void he feels within himself regarding a political philosophy, may I suggest he peruse the Constitution of these United States? I am sure he could speak from experience as to the benefits to be reaped from the applied philosophy of that document.

MRS. JOHN J. LONG

Shreveport, La.

Sirs:

Bill Russell's article is the best piece I have read in SI since I began subscribing several years ago. This article is not just a penetrating analysis of the plight of Muhammad Ali or the American Negro, rather it is a perceptive analysis of some of the deep, continuing problems in American society. By publishing such an article, SI rises above its role as simply reporter of the events in the world of sports and becomes a profound commentator on the plight of our times. Thank you.

BOB DOUGAN

Stamford, Conn.

AN ASTERISK RECORD?

Sirs:

Although it certainly was a great athletic accomplishment for Jack Nicklaus to establish a new U.S. Open record (*Lark DeLivers the Crusher*, June 26), it does not erase the record set by Ben Hogan. Having yielded to the pressure of television, the USGA should nevertheless recognize Mr. Hogan's performance as being unequalled. When Ben won it, the Open was played as it should be—with 36 grueling holes on the final day.

CHUCK CHAILOPKA

Lakeview, Ore.

RING KLEIN

Sirs:

My first visit to Santa Barbara, back in 1963, consisted of running a two-mile race in a track meet, mooching a meal at the Westmont College Commons—which DeCatholize Dave Thoreson charged to someone—and a triple date in a Remauh. John Underwood completely captures the personality and spontaneity of these athletes (*Ber-*

continued

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19TH HOLE *continued*

kept Secrets, June 12) However, no mention is made of Larry Melquod, Santa Barbara's other nationally ranked decathlete, or of Jim Klein, a prime mover behind the growth of interest and talent in the area.

In 1960 Klein just missed the plane to Rome when he finished fourth in the Olympic decathlon trials. He came to Westmont College (enrollment 650) that fall as track and cross-country coach and built his teams into powerful units. Klein is at his best, though, in spotting athletes overlooked by "big-time" coaches and encouraging and developing them to their potential greatness. Olympians Herman, Thore-on, Melquod, and Shotputter Neil Steinhauser (now at Oregon) are good examples.

As I get ready to leave for a tour of duty in the land of the hot and humid, the lessons I learned under Coach Klein are the ones that stick.

2d Lt. NORT C. MONROE CCO, USA
Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.

UP BUT DOWN

Sirs,

As a longtime Boston Red Sox fan I applauded Jonathan Dubitzky's support of the Sox and Boston in his letter (*19th Hole*, June 26), but, unhappily, he is way off base when he says, "Boston is giving the club its usual wholehearted support." Attendance may be up this year, but from 1961 through 1966 our usual wholehearted support averaged only 817,000 per season, which is down 417,000 from the 1,229,000 that Fenway Park had averaged annually for the previous 15 years. It may be coincidental, but Ted Williams retired after the 1969 season. Unless we can find another Ted Williams quick, I think we'd better get a new stadium.

WILLIAM J. RYAN

Boston

SURE CURES

Sirs,

Loved James Lipscomb's article on tennis elbow (*Getting the Elbow Is a Pain*, June 5). I have been a tennis pro for 12 years and cure roughly 24 bad elbows a season. Here is my list of normal causes of bad elbows and my respective treatments.

CAUSES	TREATMENT
Poor equipment	Self better equipment
Strings too tight	Loosen strings
Strings too loose	Tighten strings
Sweat grip	Flange grip
Large grip	Reduce grip
Light racket	Heavier racket
Heavy racket	Lighter racket
Unnatural motion	Self series of lessons
Nylon strings	Gut strings
Gut strings	Nylon strings

It is obvious that whatever the player has in terms of equipment I recommend the reverse, I have lost only one elbow in my

tenure, and my sales and teaching schedule are at an optimum.

DON KERRIS

Highland Park, Ill.

Sirs,

I am 77 years old, and I play tennis almost every day, winter, spring and summer. Back in the middle '20s I had tennis elbow so bad I was almost forced to quit. One day, after a particularly exhausting club match, someone in the locker room said, "Boh, I'll bet you don't have strength enough left to chin yourself." Well, I tried to and did pull myself up several times and, believe it or not, my tennis elbow was better. In fact, it was so much better that I installed a chinning bar in my home, and I do pull-ups every day.

ROBERT S. DELAPLANTE

Monaca, N.J.

HOT SHOWER

Sirs,

The article *I Love and Hate and a Very Fast Hounded* by Pete Axthelm (June 5) was as out of place in your fine magazine as a fold-out nude Texas Southern's fine track team certainly deserves more space than Mr. Axthelm gave it, and the city of Houston deserves a more objective, more responsible editorial than that which was neatly inserted in this supposed article on track.

Police brutality is a very serious charge, and it is especially shocking when it appears in a magazine like *SI*. Mr. Axthelm reports that at 3:15 on the morning of May 17 a number of track men were yanked from their beds and taken to a police station to be questioned in connection with the death of a policeman. He also quotes Coach Wright as saying that his track men were all asleep and didn't know what was going on. He further quotes track man Evans as saying that "they beat us up a little" and "some guys had been pulled out of a shower and just had towels around them, but the cops wouldn't let them go back and put points on. It was humiliating."

To those of us who followed this very unfortunate incident at TSU it is obvious that Pete Axthelm told a very slanted, one-sided story. Why didn't he include the facts that a gun battle raged between police and students for several hours before police broke into the dorms and that a policeman was indeed shot and killed and several others wounded in the riot? The bullets that killed and wounded the policemen came from the dorms.

Coach Wright should be complimented, perhaps, on the iron discipline which he must maintain on his team if his kids could sleep through such an episode—but what about that guy taking a shower at 3:15 a.m.?

Just equalizing, and get back to your standards of responsible sports reporting.

WILLIAM GRAJ

Houston

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frosty bottle, boys,
and keep your
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